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Shakespeare

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THE  
PLAYS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME 1

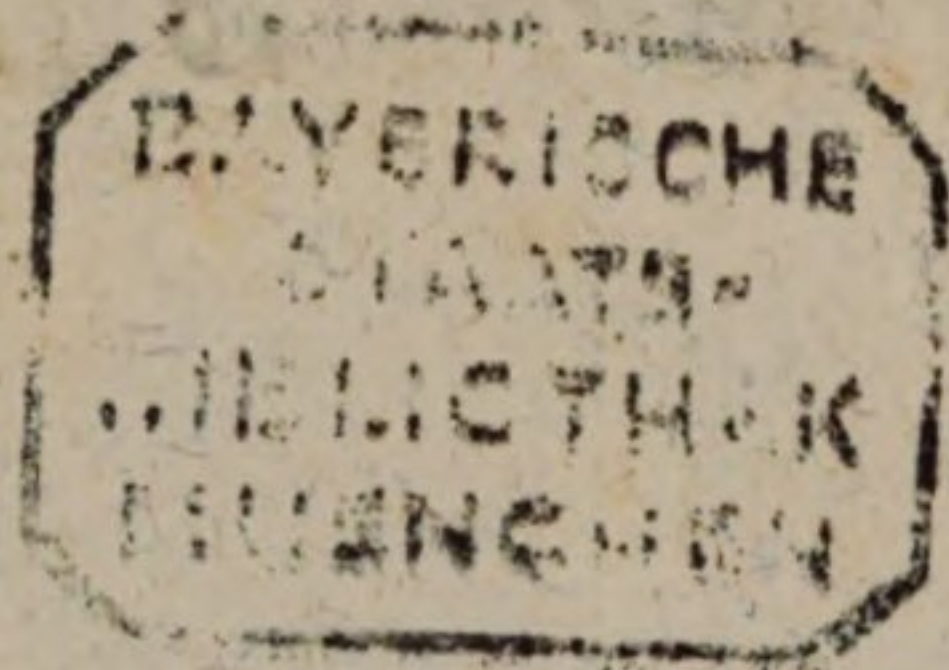






THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.  
VOLUME THE TENTH.







(THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.  
VOLUME THE TENTH.

CONTAINING  
WINTER'S TALE.  
COMEDY OF ERRORS

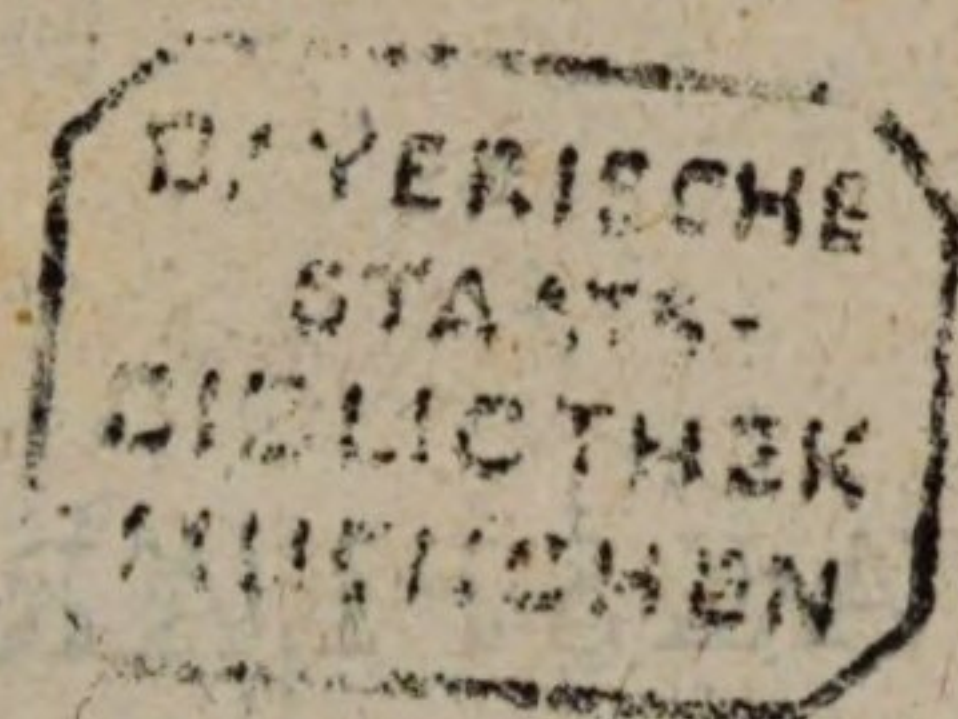
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B A S I L:

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M. DCCC. I.







WINTER'S TALE.\*

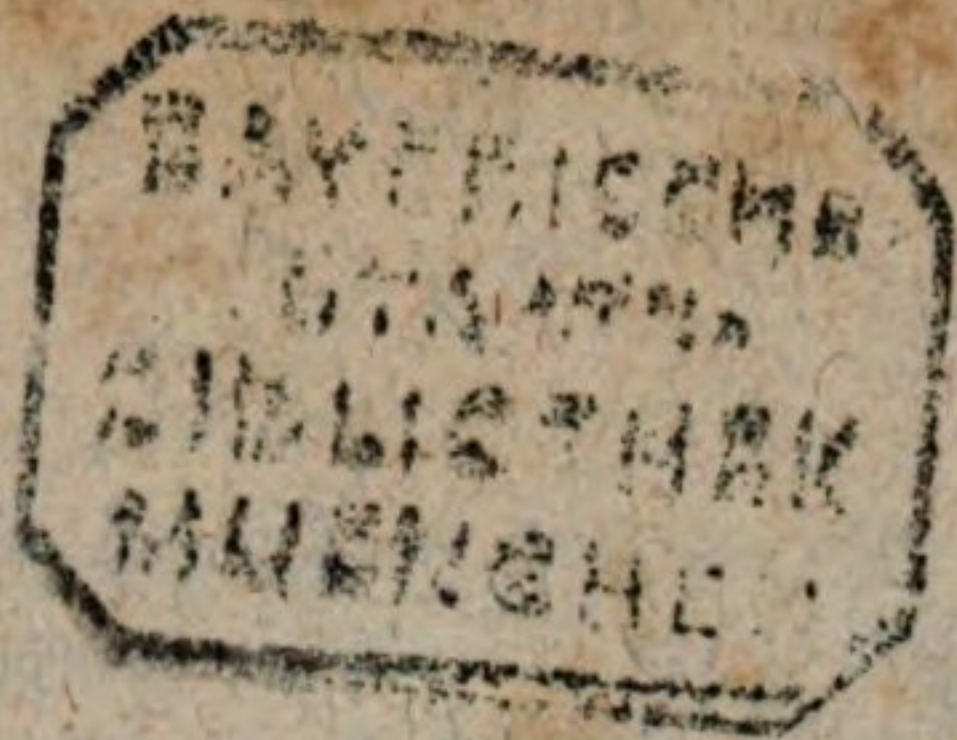
- VOL. X.

B









\* WINTER'S TALE.] This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

*Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,  
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.*

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgement of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

• At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime.*" STEEVENS.

The story of this play is taken from *The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the king of Sicilia whom Shakspeare names

|                         |       |           |
|-------------------------|-------|-----------|
| Leontes, is called      | _____ | Egistus.  |
| Polixenes K. of Bohemia | _____ | Pandosto. |
| Mamillius P. of Sicilia | _____ | Garinter. |
| Florizel P. of Bohemia  | _____ | Dorastus. |
| Camillo                 | _____ | Franion.  |
| Old Shepherd            | _____ | Porrus.   |
| Hermione                | _____ | Bellaria. |
| Perdita                 | _____ | Faunia.   |
| Mopsa                   | _____ | Mopsa.    |

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "some of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Essay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conquest of Granada*: "Witness the lameness of their plots; [the plots of Shakspeare and Fletcher;] many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expressly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgement on the play before us. "I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, THE WINTER'S TALE, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand."



None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramatick rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place — "that Shakspeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them," — it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who in his *Defence of Poesy*, 1595, had pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. — Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

*The Winter's Tale* is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *TALES*, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries." By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to. — In his conversation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his beloved friend: "He [Jonson] said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sence; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words therefore are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was apt to believe that *Dorastus* and *Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588. — Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princess Micomicona land at Offuna. — Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia "delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in



his dominions ;" and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime minister of France, when he was embassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay "upon the sea?"—There is a similar mistake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears nowhere to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

" ——— for honour,  
" 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
" And only that I stand for."

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born princess, and her likeness to her father, says: "*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king:

" ——— 'Tis yours ;  
" And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
" So like you, 'tis the worse."——

& *The Winter's Tale* was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.



## PERSONS represented,

Leontes, *King of Sicilia :*

Mamillius, *his son.*

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomenes,

Dion,

} *Sicilian Lords.*

*Another Sicilian Lord.*

Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

*An attendant on the young Prince Mamillius,*

*Officers of a Court of Judicature.*

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia :*

Florizel, *his son.*

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

*A Mariner.*

*Gaoler.*

*An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita :*

*Clown, his Son.*

*Servant to the old Shepherd.*

Autolycus, *a Rogue.*

*Time, as Chorus.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione,*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*

Emilia, *a Lady,*

*Two other Ladies,* } *attending the Queen.*

Mopsa,

Dorcas,

} *Shepherdesses.*

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Satyrs for a dance ;*

*Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.*

*SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*



# W I N T E R ' S T A L E.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

*Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS,*

ARCH. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us,<sup>2</sup> we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

CAM. 'Beseech you,—

ARCH. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

<sup>2</sup> — our entertainment, &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.



ARCH. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAM. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd<sup>3</sup> with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.<sup>4</sup> The heavens continue their loves!

ARCH. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius;

<sup>3</sup> ——— royally attorney'd,] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.] Thus the folio 1623. The folio, 1632: ——— over a vast sea. I have since found that Sir T. Hanmer attempted the same correction; though I believe the old reading to be the true one. *Vastum* was the ancient term for *waste* uncultivated land. Over a *vast*, therefore, means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the *sea*, as in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the furies.”

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. HENLEY.



it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

CAM. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject,<sup>5</sup> makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

ARCH. Would they else be content to die?

CAM. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ARCH. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [ *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E   I I.

*The same.   A Room of state in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.*

POL. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been  
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burden: time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more  
That go before it.

<sup>5</sup> ——— physicks *the subject*,] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macheth*: "The labour we delight in, *physicks* pain."

STEEVENS.



LEON. Stay your thanks a while;  
And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow  
No sneaping winds<sup>6</sup> at home, to make us say,  
*This is put forth too truly!*<sup>7</sup> Besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer stay.

LEON. One seven-night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEON. We'll part the time between's then: and  
in that

<sup>6</sup> — that may blow

*No sneaping winds* — ] Dr. Warburton calls this *nonsense*: and Dr. Johnson tells us it is a *Gallicism*. It happens however to be both *sense* and *English*. *That*, for *Oh! that* — is not uncommon. In an old translation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciscans*: “St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That I had a wood of such Junipers!*” And, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*:

“ — In thy rumination,

“ *That I poor man might eftsoons come between!*”

And so in other places. This is the construction of the passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ *That runaway's eyes may wink!*”

Which in other respects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted.

FARMER.

— *sneaping winds* — ] *Nipping winds*. So, in Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil's *Eneid*. *Prologue of the seuynth Booke*.

“ *Scharp foppis of fleit, and of the snyppand snaw.*”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>7</sup> *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me say, *I had too good reason for my fears* concerning what might happen in my absence from home. MALONE,



I'll no gain-faying,

POL.                Press me not, 'beseech you, so;  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the  
                         world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,  
Were there necessity in your request, although  
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,  
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,  
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,  
Farewel, our brother,

LEON.    Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

HER. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,  
                         until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,  
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,  
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction<sup>8</sup>  
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,  
He's beat from his best ward.

LEON.                                Well said, Hermione.

HER. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:  
But let him say so then, and let him go;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —

Yet of your royal presence    [To POLIXENES.] I'll  
                         adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *this satisfaction* —] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I'll give him my commission,*] We should read:

——— *I'll give you my commission,*

The verb *let*, or *hinder*, which follows, shows the necessity of it: for she could not say she would give her husband a commission



To let him there a month, behind the g<sup>est</sup> <sup>2</sup>  
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed, <sup>3</sup> Leontes,

to *let* or hinder himself. The commission is given to Polixenes, to whom she is speaking, to let or hinder her husband.

WARBURTON.

"I'll give him my licence of absence, so as to obstruct or retard his departure for a month," &c. To let *him*, however, may be used as many other reflexive verbs are by Shakspeare, for to let or hinder *himself*: then the meaning will be, "I'll give him my permission to tarry for a month," &c. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors read, I think, without necessity, — I'll give *you* my commission, &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *behind the g<sup>est</sup>* —] Mr. Theobald says: *he can neither trace, nor understand the phrase*, and therefore thinks it should be *just*: But the word *g<sup>est</sup>* is right, and signifies a stage or journey. In the time of royal progresses the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *g<sup>ests</sup>*; from the old French word *giste*, *diversorium*. WARBURTON.

In Strype's *Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer*, p. 283. — The archbishop entreats Cecil, "to let him have the new resolved upon *g<sup>ests</sup>*, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was."

Again, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594:

"Castile, and lovely Elinor with him,

"Have in their *g<sup>ests</sup>* resolv'd for Oxford town."

Again, in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"—— Do, like the *g<sup>ests</sup>* in the progress,

"You know where you shall find me." STEEVENS.

*G<sup>ests</sup>*, or rather *gists*, from the Fr. *giste*, (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) where the names of the houses or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a scroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furnished with a copy. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *yet, good-deed*,] signifies *indeed, in very deed*, as Shakspeare in another place expresses it. *Good-deed* is used in the same sense by the Earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

Dr. Warburton would read—good *heed*, — meaning — take good heed. STEEVENS.

The second folio reads—good *heed*, which, I believe, is right.

TYRWHITT.



I love thee not a jar o'the clock<sup>4</sup> behind  
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

POL. No, madam.

HER. Nay, but you will?

POL. I may not, verily.

HER. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with  
oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,

You shall not go: a lady's verily is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,

When you depart, and save your thanks. How say  
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,  
One of them you shall be.

POL. Your guest then, madam:  
To be your prisoner, should import offending;

<sup>4</sup> ——— a jar o'the clock—— ] A jar is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ticking* of it. So, in *K. Richard II*:

“ My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar.”

STEEVENS.

A jar perhaps means a minute, for I do not suppose that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the seconds. See Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 241. TOLLET.

To jar certainly means to tick; as in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. IV. ft. 107; edit. 1609. “ He hears no waking-clocke, nor watch to jarre.” HOLT WHITE.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1601:—“ the owle shrieking, the toades croaking, the minutes jerring, and the clocke striking twelve.”

MALONE.



Which is for me less easy to commit,  
Than you to punish.

HER. Not your gaoler then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were  
boys;

You were pretty lordings<sup>5</sup> then.

POL. We were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

HER. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

POL. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk  
i'the fun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd<sup>6</sup>  
That any did: Had we pursued that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd  
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *lordings* ——— ] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer. So, in the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*, the host says to the company, v. 790, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“ *Lordinges* (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd* — ] *Doctrine* is here used as a trisyllable. So *children*, *tickling*, and many others. The editor of the second folio inserted the word *no*, to supply a supposed defect in the metre, [ — *no*, nor dream'd ] and the interpolation was adopted in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

I cannot suppose myself to be reading a verse, unless I adopt the emendation of the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *the imposition clear'd*,

*Hereditary ours.* ] i. e. setting aside *original sin*; bating the im-



HER. By this we gather,  
You have tripp'd since.

POL. O my most sacred lady,  
Temptations have since then been born to us: for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.

HER. Grace to boot!  
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,<sup>s</sup>  
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;  
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;

position from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly  
protested our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

<sup>s</sup> *Grace to boot!*

*Of this make no conclusion; lest you say, &c.]* Polixenes had said,  
that since the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown*  
*to them*; for that, in that interval, the two queens were become  
women. To each part of this observation the queen answers in  
order. To that of *temptations* she replies, *Grace to boot!* i. e. though  
temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace  
with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expression on these oc-  
casions. To the other part, she replies, as for *our* tempting you,  
pray take heed you draw no conclusion from thence, for that would  
be making your queen and me devils, &c. WARBURTON.

This explanation may be right; but I have no great faith in  
the existence of such a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own  
character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might seem to  
be sullied by a species of argument that made them appear to have  
led their husbands into temptation.

*Grace* or Heaven *help* me! — Do not argue in that manner; do  
not draw any conclusion or inference from your, and your friend's,  
having, since those days of childhood and innocence, become ac-  
quainted with your queen and me; for, as you have said that in  
the period between childhood and the present time temptations have  
been born to you, and as in that interval you have become ac-  
quainted with us, the inference or insinuation would be strong  
against us, as your corrupters, and, “by that kind of chase,”  
your queen and I would be devils. MALONE.



If you first finn'd with us, and that with us  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
With any but with us.

LEON. Is he won yet?

HER. He'll stay, my lord.

LEON. At my request, he would not.  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose.

HER. Never?

LEON. Never, but once.

HER. What? have I twice said well? when was't  
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us  
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongue-  
less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,

With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;<sup>s</sup>—

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!

<sup>s</sup> *With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—*] Thus this passage has been always printed; whence it appears, that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to th' goal*, meant, *but to come to the purpose*; but the sense is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus:

————— ere

*With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal.*

i. e. good usage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we stop short, even there where both our interest and our inclination would otherwise have carried us. WARBURTON.

I have followed the old copy, the pointing of which appears to afford as apt a meaning as that produced by the change recommended by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.



But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?  
Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEON. Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to  
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
And clap thyself my love;<sup>9</sup> then didst thou utter,  
*I am yours for ever.*

HER. It is Grace, indeed,<sup>2</sup> —  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose  
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
The other, for some while a friend.

[ Giving her hand to POLIXENES.

<sup>9</sup> *And clap thyself my love;*] She open'd her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. So, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ — Speak, widow, is't a match?

“ Shall we *clap* it up?”

Again, in a *Trick to catch the old One*, 1618:

“ Come, *clap* hands, a match.”

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

“ — and so *clap* hands, and a bargain.” STEEVENS.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakspeare often alludes. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ This is the *hand*, which with a *vow'd contract*

“ Was fast belock'd in thine.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ *Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, *close your hands*.

“ *Aust.* And your lips too, for I am well assur'd,

“ That I did so, when I was first assur'd.”

So also, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a Com. by Middleton, 1657:

“ There these young *lovers* shall *clap hands* together.”

I should not have given so many instances of this custom, but that I know Mr. Pope's reading — “ And *clepe* thyself my love,” has many favourers. The old copy has—*A clap*, &c. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *It is Grace, indeed!*] Referring to what she had just said — “ O, would her name were *Grace*!” MALONE.



LEON. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
May a free lace put on; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,<sup>9</sup>  
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:  
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,  
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The mort o'the deer;<sup>2</sup> O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

MAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. I'fecks?<sup>3</sup>  
Why, that's my bawcock.<sup>4</sup> What, hast smutch'd  
thy nose? —

<sup>9</sup> — from bounty, fertile bosom, ] I suppose that a letter dropped out at the press, and would read—from *bounty's* fertile bosom.  
MALONE.

By *fertile bosom*, I suppose, is meant a bosom like that of the earth, which yields a spontaneous produce. In the same strain is the address of *Timon of Athens*:

“Thou common mother, thou,  
“Whose — infinite breast  
“Teems and feeds all!” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The mort o'the deer*; ] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: “—He that bloweth the *mort* before the death of the buck, may very well miss of his fees.” Again, in the oldest copy of *Chevy Chase*:

“The blewe a *mort* uppone the bent.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I'fecks?* ] A supposed corruption of—in *faith*. Our present vulgar pronounce it—*fegs*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Why, that's my bawcock.* ] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The word has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Pistol speaks of *K. Henry the Fifth*.

STEEVENS.



They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
We must be neat; <sup>5</sup> not neat, but cleanly, captain :  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd, neat — Still virginalling <sup>6</sup>

[ *Observing* POLIXENES and HERMIONE.  
Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf?  
Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots  
that I have, <sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *We must be neat;*] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat;* then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly.* JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 3 :

“ His large provision there of flesh, of fowl, of *neat*.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Still virginalling*—] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*. JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord.

So, in Decker's *Satiro-mastix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, 1602 :

“ When we have husbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they must rise and fall to our humours, or else they'll never get any good strains of musick out of one of us.”

Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ Where be these rascals that skip and down

“ Like *virginal jacks*?” STEEVENS.

A *virginal* was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a *piano forte*.  
MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,*] *Pash* (says Sir T. Hanmer) is *kiss*. *Paz*. Spanish, i. e. *thou want'st a mouth made rough by a beard, to kiss with*. *Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. *horns*. Leontes is alluding to the ensigns of cuckoldom. A mad-brain'd boy is, however, call'd a *mad pash* in Cheshire.

STEEVENS.

Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the *shoots* that I have, in connection with the context, signifies——to make thee a calf thou must



To be full like me: <sup>8</sup> — yet, they say, we are  
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
 That will say any thing: But were they false  
 As o'er-died blacks, <sup>9</sup> as wind, as waters; false

*have the tuft on thy forehead and the young horns that shoot up in it, as I have.* Leontes asks the Prince:

—— How now, you wanton calf!

Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leao. Thou want'st a rough *push*, and the *shoots* that I have,  
 To be full like me.

To *push* signifies to *push* or *dash* against, and frequently occurs in old writers. Thus Drayton:

“ They either poles their heads together *pasht*. ”

Again, in *How to choose a good Wife from a bad*, 1602. 4to:

“ —— learn *push* and knock, aud beat and mall,

“ Cleave pates and caputs.”

When in Cheshire a *push* is used for a *mad-brained boy*, it is designed to characterize him from the wantonness of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head against any thing. HENLEY.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, the verb *push* also occurs:

“ —— waving his beam

“ Upon the *pushed* corpes of the kings

“ Epistrophus and Cadius.”

And again (as Mr. Henley on another occasion observes) in the *Virgin Martyr*:

“ —— when the battering ram

“ Were fetching his career backward to *push*

“ Me with *his horns* to pieces.” STEEVENS.

I have lately learned that *push* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The old reading therefore may stand. Many words, that are now used only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. The meaning therefore of the present passage, I suppose, is this. *You tell me* (says Leontes to his son) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the horned bull: thou wantest the rough head and the horns of that animal, completely to resemble your father.*

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To be full like me:* ] *Full* is here as in other places, used by our author, adverbially;—to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *As o'er-died blacks,* ] Sir T. Hanmer understands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.



As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
 No bourn<sup>2</sup> 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true  
 To say, this boy were like me.—Come, fir page,  
 Look on me with your welkin-eye:<sup>3</sup> Sweet villain!  
 Most dear'st! my collop!<sup>4</sup>—Can thy dam?—may't  
 be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the center:<sup>5</sup>

It is common with tradesmen to die their faded or damaged  
 stuffs, black. *O'er died blacks* may mean those which have receiv-  
 ed a die over their former colour.

There is a passage in *The old Law* of Massinger, which might  
 lead us to offer another interpretation:

“ ——— *Blacks* are often such dissembling mourners,  
 “ There is no credit given to't, it has lost  
 “ All reputation by *false* sons and widows:  
 “ I would not hear of *blacks*.”

It seems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in  
*A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

“ ——— in so many *blacks*  
 “ I'll have the church hung round” ———

*Black*, however, will receive no other hue without discovering it-  
 self through it. “ *Lanarum nigrae nullum colorem bibunt.*”

Plin. *Nat. Hist.* Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

The following passage in a book which our author had certainly  
 read, inclines me to believe that the last is the true interpretation.

“ Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefore it could  
 take no other colour.” Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *No bourn* — ] *Bourn* is boundary. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— from whose *bourn*  
 “ No traveller returns——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *welkin-eye*: ] Blue-eye; an eye of the same colour with  
 the *welkin*, or sky. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *my collop*! ] So, in *The First Part of K. Henry VI*:

“ God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Affection! thy intention stabs the center*: ] Instead of this line,  
 which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced ano-  
 ther of no authority:

*Imagination! thou dost stab to the center.*

Mr. Rowe first made the exchange. I am not sure that I un-



Thou dost make possible, things not so held,<sup>6</sup>  
Communicat'st with dreams; — (How can this  
be?) —

With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,<sup>7</sup>  
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;  
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)  
And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardening of my brows.

POL. What means Sicilia?

HER. He something seems unsettled.

derstand the reading I have restored. *Affection*, however, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ————— *affection*,

“ Mistress of passion, I ways it,” &c.

i. e. *imagination* governs our *passions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, “when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary sollicitation of other ideas.” This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or, in Shakspeare's language, — *Stabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

*Intention*, in this passage, means eagerness of attention, or of desire; and is used in the same sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff says — “She did so course o'er my exteriors, with such a greedy *intention*,” &c. M. MASON.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately, “the disposition of the mind when strongly *affected* or possessed by a particular idea.” And in a kindred sense at least to this, it is used in the passage quoted from *The Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Thou dost make possible, things not so held,*] i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible.

JOHNSON.

To express the speaker's meaning, it is necessary to make a short pause after the word *possible*. I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in strictness it is improper. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *credent*,] i. e. credible. So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act V. sc. v:

“For my authority bears a *credent* bulk.” STEEVENS.



POL. How, my lord?  
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?<sup>8</sup>

HER. You look,  
As if you held a brow of much distraction:  
Are you mov'd, my lord?<sup>9</sup>

LEON. No, in good earnest.—  
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tendernefs; and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! [*Aside.*—Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil  
Twenty three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite<sup>2</sup> its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.<sup>3</sup>  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash,<sup>4</sup> this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,  
Will you take eggs for money?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *What cheer? how it's with you, best brother?*] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the same emendation. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Are you mov'd my lord?*] We have again the same expression on the same occasion, in *Othello*:

“*Iago.* I see my Lord, you are mov'd.

“*Othel.* No, not much mov'd, not much.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — my dagger muzzled,

*Lest it should bite*——] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“*This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I*

“*Have not the power to muzzle him.*”

Again, in *Much ado about nothing*: “*I am trusted with a muzzle.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“*Thus ornament is but the guiled shore*

“*To a most dangerous sea.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *This squash,*] A squash is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it. HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> *Will you take eggs for money?*] This seems to be a proverbial



MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest is said to be *cucullatus*, *cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*.  
JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous des coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight. SMITH.

I meet with Shakspeare's phrase in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—“I shall have eggs for my money; I must hang myself.” STEEVENS.

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be taken in that sense. “The French infantry skirmisheth bravely as farre off, and the cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat *they will take eggs for their money.*” *Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the world*, 4to. 1630, p. 154.

Mamillius's reply to his father's question appears so decisive as to the true explanation of this passage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I have read the following note. The phrase undoubtedly sometimes means what Mr. Malone asserts, but not here.

REED.

This phrase seems to me to have meant originally,—Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to me perfectly consistent with the passage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* seems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*.

The following passage in Campion's History of Ireland, folio 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this passage; and shows that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, *Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled or imposed upon?*—“What my cousin Desmond hath compassed, as I know not, so I beshrew his naked heart for holding out so long.—But go to, suppose hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Ossory, who, notwithstanding his high promises, having also the king's power, is glad *to take eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leisure.”



LEON. You will? why, happy man be his dole!<sup>3</sup>—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

POL.

If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;  
My parasite, my foldier, statesman, all:  
He makes a July's day short as December;  
And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEON.

So stands this squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,  
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;  
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:  
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
Apparent<sup>4</sup> to my heart.

HER.

If you would seek us,

These words make part of the defence of the earl of Kildare, in answer to a charge brought against him by Cardinal Wolsey, that he had not been sufficiently active in endeavouring to take the earl of Desmond, then in rebellion. In this passage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, *to be trifled with, or to be imposed upon.*

“For money” means, *in the place of money.* “Will you give me money, and take eggs instead of it?” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— *happy man be his dole!*] May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man.* JOHNSON.

The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of provision given to the poor, in great families. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1414:

“Had the women puddings to their *dole*?”

See Vol. IX. p. 238, n. 9. STEEVENS.

The alms immemorably given to the poor by the archbishops of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*. See the History of Lambeth Palace, p. 31, in Bibl. Top. Brit. NICHOLS.

<sup>4</sup> *Apparent* ——] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant.  
JOHNSON.



We are yours i' the garden : Shall's attend you there ?

LEON. To your own bents dispose you : you'll  
be found,

Be you beneath the sky :—I am angling now,  
Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to !

[*Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*  
How she holds up the neb,<sup>5</sup> the bill to him !  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband !<sup>6</sup> Gone already ;  
Inch-thick, knee-deep ; o'er head and ears a fork'd  
one.<sup>7</sup>—

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and attendants.*  
Go, play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I  
Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell.—Go, play boy, play ;—There  
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;  
And many a man there is, even at this present,<sup>8</sup>  
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *the neb,*] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*. So, in *Anne the Queen of Hungarie*, being one of the Tales in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, 1566.—“ the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *To her allowing husband !*] *Allowing* in old language is approving. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *a fork'd one.*] That is a *horned* one ; a *cuckold*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello* :

“ Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,  
“ When we do quicken.” MALONE!

<sup>8</sup> ——— *even at this present,*] i. e. present time. So, in *Macbeth* :  
“ Thy letters have transported me beyond  
“ *This ignorant present ;*”—

See note on this passage ; Act 1. sc. v. STEEVENS.



That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,  
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,<sup>9</sup> by  
 Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,  
 Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,  
 As mine, against their will: Should all despair,  
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is  
 none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,  
 From east, west, north and south: Be it concluded,  
 No barricado for a belly; know it;  
 It will let in and out the enemy,  
 With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us  
 Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

MAM. I am like you, they say.<sup>2</sup>

LEON. Why, that's some comfort.—  
 What! Camillo there?

CAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest  
 man.— [Exit MAMILLIUS.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;  
 When you cast out, it still came home.<sup>3</sup>

LEON. Didst note it?

<sup>9</sup> *And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,*] This metaphor perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each others fish, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correspondence. Thus in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 15: My mother bade me send you word that Waryn Herman hath daily *fished her water* all this year." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —they say.] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —it still came home.] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold*. STEEVENS.



CAM. He would not stay at your petitions; made  
His business more material.<sup>2</sup>

LEON. Didst perceive it?—  
They're here with me already;<sup>3</sup> whispering, round-  
ing,<sup>4</sup>  
*Sicilia is a so forth:*<sup>5</sup> 'Tis far gone,

<sup>2</sup> ——— made

*His business more material.*] i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *They're here with me already;*] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present. THIRLBY.

<sup>4</sup> ——— whispering, rounding,] *To round in the ear* is to whisper, or to tell secretly. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

The word is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers, So, in *Lingua*, 1607: "I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses; lent Pliny ink to write his history; and rounded Rabelais in the ear, when he historified Pantagruel."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"Forthwith revenge she rounded me i' th' ear." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Sicilia is a so-forth:*] This was a phrase employed when the speaker, through caution or disgust, wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakspeare will often derive more advantage from listening to vulgar than to polite conversation. At the corner of Fleet-market, I lately heard one woman, describing another, say—"every body knows that her husband is a *so-forth*." As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom. Mr. Malone reads—*Sicilia is a—so-forth*. STEEVENS.

In regulating this line I have adopted a hint suggested by Mr. M. Mason. I have more than once observed that almost every abrupt sentence in these plays is corrupted. These words without the break now introduced are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whispering to each other, "*Sicilia is a cuckold, a tame cuckold,*" to which (says he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;" for such, I suppose, the meaning of the words—*so forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckold* from a horror of the very sound. I suspect, however, that our author wrote—*Sicilia is—and so forth*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following."



When I shall gust it last.<sup>6</sup>—How came't, Camillo,  
That he did stay?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty.

LEON. At the queen's, be't: good, should be per-  
tinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?  
For thy conceit is soaking,<sup>7</sup> will draw in  
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals,  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,<sup>8</sup>  
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ I saw him enter such a house of sale,

“ (*Videlicet*, a brothel) or so forth.”

Again, more appositely, in *K. Henry IV. P. II*:

“ — with a dish of carraways, AND so forth.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: “ Is not birth, beauty, good  
shape, discourse, manhood, learning, AND so forth, the spice and  
salt that season a man?” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — gust it — ] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

“ Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus.” *Juv. Sat. 10.*

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — is soaking,] Dr. Grey would read—in soaking; but I  
think without necessity. Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* nature, will  
draw in more, &c. seems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — lower messes,] I believe, *lower messes* is only used as an  
expression to signify the lowest degree about the court. See *Anstis.*  
*Ord. Gart. I. App. p. 15*: “ The earl of Surry began the borde  
in presence: the earl of Arundel washed with him, and sat both at  
the *first messe*.” Formerly not only at every great man's table the  
visitants were placed according to their consequence or dignity,  
but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of sitting below the  
great saltfeller placed in the center of the table, and of having  
coarser provisions set before them. The former custom is men-  
tioned in *The Honest Whore*, by Decker, 1604: “ Plague him;  
set him *beneath the salt*, and let him not touch a bit till every one  
has had his full cut.” The latter was as much a subject of com-  
plaint in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as in that of Juvenal,  
as the following instance may prove:



CAM. Business, my lord? I think, most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

LEON.

Ha?

CAM.

Stays here longer.

LEON. Ay, but why?

CAM. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEON.

Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress —— satisfy?—  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed  
The penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceived  
In that which seems so.

CAM.

Be it forbid, my lord!

LEON. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;  
Which boxes honesty behind,<sup>9</sup> restraining

“ Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with moss and  
stones,

“ Partly to make a shew with,

“ And partly to keep the *lower messes* from eating.”

*Woman Hater*, Act I. sc. ii.

This passage may be yet somewhat differently explained. It appears from a passage in *The merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. 1. no date, that it was anciently the custom in publick houses to keep ordinaries of different prices: “ What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no less than to shylinges, and at the merchaunts table xvi pence, and at my household servantes geve me twelve pence.”—Leontes comprehends inferiority of understanding in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the indifferent *messes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, see the *Household Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

<sup>9</sup> —— boxes *honestly behind*,] To *hox* is to ham-string. So, in Knolles' *History of the Turks*:



From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted  
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool,  
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
And tak'st it all for jest.

CAM. My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out  
Against the non performance,<sup>2</sup> 'twas a fear

" — alighted, and with his sword *hoxed* his horse."

King James VI. in his 11th Parliament, has an act to punish  
" *hochares*," or slayers of horse, oxen, &c. STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or hamstring. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Whereof the execution did cry out*

*Against the non-performance,*] This is one of the expressions by  
which Shakspeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This sound-  
ing phrase means, I think, no more than *a thing necessary to be done*.  
JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—" the *now-performance*," which gives  
us this very reasonable meaning:—*At the execution whereof, such*  
*circumstances discovered themselves, as made it prudent to suspend all*  
*further proceeding in it.* HEATH.

I do not see that this attempt does any thing more, than produce  
a harsher word without an easier sense. JOHNSON.

I have preserved this note, [Mr. Heath's] because I think it a  
good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no  
doubt, that Shakspeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often en-  
tangled himself in the same manner; but it is clear that he should



Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honestly  
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,  
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
 'Tis none of mine.

LEON. Have not you seen, Camillo,  
 (But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass  
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn; or heard,  
 (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
 Cannot be mute,) or thought, for cogitation  
 Resides not in that man, that does not think it,<sup>3</sup>)

have written, either—"against the performance," or—"for the non-performance." In *The Merchant of Venice* our author has entangled himself in the same manner: "I beseech you, let his lack of years be no *impediment* to let him *lack* a reverend estimation;" where either *impediment* should be *cause*, or to let him *lack*, should be, *to prevent his obtaining*. Again, in *King Lear*:

"——— I have hope  
 " You *less* know how to value her desert,  
 " Than she to *scant* her duty."

Again, in the play before us:

"——— I ne'er heard yet,  
 " That any of these bolder vices *wanted*  
 " *Less* impudence to gain-say what they did,  
 " Than to perform it first."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" Fortune *forbid* my outside have not charm'd her!"

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— (for cogitation

*Resides not in that man, that does not think it,;])* The folio, 1623, omits the pronoun—*it*, which is supplied from the folio 1632.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald in a Letter<sup>a</sup> subjoined to one edition of *The Double Falshood* has quoted this passage in defence of a well-known line in that play: "None but himself can be his parallel." "Who does not see at once (says he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the same light this passage should seem to have appeared to all the subsequent editors, who read, with the editor of the second folio, "——that does not think *it*." But the old reading, I am persuaded, is right. This is not an abstract proposition.



My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
 (Or else be impudently negative,  
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,  
 My wife's a hobbyhorse;<sup>3</sup> deserves a name  
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

CAM. I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,  
 You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin  
 As deep as that, though true.<sup>4</sup>

LEON. Is whispering nothing?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?<sup>5</sup>  
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career

The whole context must be taken together. Have you not thought (says Leontes) my wife is slippery (for cogitation resides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery*)? The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it; and consequently the seeming absurdity attributed by Theobald to the passage, arises only from misapprehension. In this play, from whatever cause it has arisen, there are more involved and parenthetical sentences, than in any other of our author's, except, perhaps, *King Henry VIII.* MALONE.

I have followed the second folio, which contains many valuable corrections of our author's text. The present emendation (in my opinion at least) deserves that character. Such advantages are not to be rejected, because we know not from what hand they were derived. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— a hobby horse; ] Old Copy—*holy-horse*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

<sup>4</sup> ——— were sin

*As deep as that, though true.* ] i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspected her.

WARBURTON!

<sup>5</sup> ——— meeting noses? ] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noses*; that is, *measuring noses*. JOHNSON.



Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
 Of breaking honesty: ) horsing foot on foot?  
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
 Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes  
                   blind

With the pin and web,<sup>5</sup> but theirs, theirs<sup>6</sup> only,  
 That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;  
 The covering lky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,  
 If this be nothing.

CAM.                                Good my lord, be cur'd  
 Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
 For 'tis most dangerous.

LEON.                                Say, it be; 'tis true.

CAM. No, no, my lord.

LEON.                                It is; you lie, you lie:  
 I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;  
 Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;  
 Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
 Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver  
 Infected as her life, she would not live  
 The running of one glass.<sup>7</sup>

CAM.                                Who does infect her?

LEON. Why he, that wears her like her medal,<sup>8</sup>  
                   hanging

<sup>5</sup> ——— *the pin and web,* ] Disorders in the eye. See *King Lear*,  
 A& III. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *theirs, theirs* ——— ] These words were meant to be pro-  
 nounced as dissyllables. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *of one glass.* ] i. e. of one *hour-glass*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *like her medal,* ] Mr. Malone reads — *his medal*.



About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I  
 Had servants true about me; that bare eyes  
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
 Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that  
 Which should undo more doing:<sup>9</sup> Ay, and thou,  
 His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form  
 Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see  
 Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
 How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,  
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink;<sup>2</sup>  
 Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM.

Sir, my lord,

The old copy has — *her* medal, which was evidently an error of the press, either in consequence of the compositor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being used in the Ms. In *As you like it* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. Theobald, I find, had made the same emendation. — In *King Henry VIII.* we have again the same thought:

“ ——— a loss of her,  
 “ That like a jewel has hung twenty years  
 “ About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.”

It should be remembered that it was customary for gentlemen, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in *Honour in Perfection, or a Treatise in commendation of Henrie Earl of Oxenford, Henrie Earl of Southampton, &c.* by Gervais Markham, 4to, 1624, p. 18 — “ he hath hung about the neck of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich jewel.” — The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I. MALONE.

I suppose the poet meant to say, that Polixenes wore *her*, as he would have worn a medal of *her*, about his neck. Sir Christopher Hatton is represented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— more doing:] The latter word is used here in a wanton sense. See Vol. VI. p. 19, n. 8. MALONE

<sup>2</sup> ——— a lasting wink;] So, in *The Tempest*:  
 “ To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 “ This ancient morsel.” — STEEVENS.



I could do this; and that with no rash potion,  
 But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
 Maliciously, like poison:<sup>3</sup> But I cannot  
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
 So sovereignly being honourable.  
 I have lov'd thee,<sup>4</sup>——

<sup>3</sup> —— *with no rash potion, ——*

Maliciously, like poison:] *Rash is hasty, as in K. Henry IV. P. II: —— rash gunpowder."* Maliciously is malignantly, with effects openly hurtful. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —— *But I cannot*

*Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
 So sovereignly being honourable.*

I have lov'd thee, &c.] The last hemistich assign'd to Camillo must have been mistakenly placed to him. It is disrespect and insolence in Camillo to his king, to tell him that he has once lov'd him.—I have ventured at a transposition, which seems self-evident. Camillo will not be persuaded into a suspicion of the disloyalty imputed to his mistress. The king, who believes nothing but his jealousy, provoked that Camillo is so obstinately diffident, finely starts into a rage, and cries?

*I've lov'd thee—Make't thy question, and go rot!*

i. e. I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former respect at once. If thou any longer make a question of my wife's disloyalty, go from my presence, and perdition overtake thee for thy stubbornness. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is necessary. Camillo, desirous to defend the queen, and willing to secure credit to his apology, begins, by telling the king that *he has loved him*, is about to give instances of his love, and to infer from them his present zeal, when he is interrupted. JOHNSON.

*I have lov'd thee,*] In the first and second folio, these words are the conclusion of Camillo's speech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes; but I think they would come in better at the end of the line:

*Make that thy question, and go rot!——I have lov'd thee.*

TYRWHITT.

I have restored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the king interrupts him by saying: *Make that thy question*, i. e. make the love of which you boast, the subject of your future conversation, and go



LEON.            Make't thy question, and go rot!<sup>4</sup>  
 Dost think, I am so maddy, so unsettled,  
 To appoint myself in this vexation? fully  
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
 Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,

to the grave with it. *Question*, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in *Measure for Measure*: "But in the loss of *question*;" i. e. in conversation that is thrown away. Again, In *Hamlet*: "*questionable* shape" is a form propitious to conversation. Again, in *As you like it*: an *unquestionable* spirit" is a spirit unwilling to be conversed with. STEEVENS.

I think Steevens right in restoring the old reading, but mistaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to express his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not suffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's speech, but replies to that which gave him offence—the doubts he had expressed of the Queen's misconduct; and says—"Make that thy question and go rot." Nothing can be more natural than this interruption. M. MASON.

The commentators have differed much in explaining this passage, and some have wished to transfer the words—"I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words "being honourable" should be placed in a parenthesis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of these words, ought to be omitted. The sense will then be: *Having ever had the highest respect for you, and thought you so estimable and honourable a character, so worthy of the love of my mistress, I cannot believe that she has played you false, has dishonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the king instances of his love, and is interrupted. I see no sufficient reason for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's speech, to denote an abrupt speech. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Make't thy question, and go rot! &c.*] This refers to what Camillo has just said, relative to the queen's chastity:

——— I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress —.

Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (i. e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is so clear a point,) a subject of debate or discussion, and go rot! Dost thou think, I am such a fool as to torment myself, and to bring disgrace on me and my children, without sufficient grounds? MALONE.



Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?<sup>6</sup>  
 Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,  
 Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;  
 Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
 Could man so blench?<sup>7</sup>

CAM. I must believe you, sir;  
 I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:  
 Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness  
 Will take again your queen, as yours at first;  
 Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing  
 The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
 Known and allied to yours.

LEON. Thou dost advise me,  
 Even so as I mine own course have set down:  
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

CAM. My lord,  
 Go then: and with a countenance as clear  
 As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
 And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;  
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
 Account me not your servant.

LEON. This is all:  
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
 Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

CAM. I'll do't, my lord.

<sup>6</sup> *Is goads, &c.*] Somewhat necessary to the measure is omitted in this line. Perhaps we should read, with Sir T. Hanmer:

“ *Is goads and thorns, nettles and tails of wasps.* ”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Could man so blench?*] To *blench* is to start off, to shrink. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— if he but *blench*,

“ I know my course. ” ———

Leontes means — could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour? STEEVENS.



LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.  
[Exit.]

CAM. O miserable lady!—But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,  
Promotion follows: If I could find example<sup>s</sup>  
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must  
Forfake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

*Enter* POLIXENES.

POL. This is strange! methinks,  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—  
Good-day, Camillo.

CAM. Hail, most royal sir!

POL. What is the new's i'the court?

CAM. None rare, my lord.

POL. The king hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region,  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment; when he,

<sup>s</sup> ——— *If I could find example, &c.*] An allusion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time. BLACKSTONE.



Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;<sup>8</sup> and  
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his manners.

CAM. I dare not know, my lord.

POL. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and  
dare not

Be intelligent to me?<sup>9</sup> 'Tis thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with it.

CAM. There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you, that yet are well.

POL. How! caught of me?  
Make me not fighted like the basilisk:  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,——  
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto  
Clerklike, experienc'd, which no less adorns

<sup>8</sup> —— when he,

*Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling*

*A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;]* This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred.

M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> —— *Do you know, and dare not*

*Be intelligent to me?]* i. e. *do you know, and dare not, confess to me that you know?* TYRWHITT.



Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
 In whose success we are gentle,<sup>2</sup>—I beseech you,  
 If you know aught which does behove my know-  
 ledge,

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not  
 In ignorant concealment.

CAM. I may not answer.

POL. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!  
 I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,  
 I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,  
 Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the  
 least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare  
 What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
 Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
 Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
 If not, how best to bear it.

CAM. Sir, I'll tell you;  
 Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him  
 That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my  
 counsel;  
 Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as  
 I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me  
 Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

<sup>2</sup> *In whose success we are gentle,*] I know not whether *success* here does not mean *succession*, JOHNSON.

*Gentle* in the text is evidently opposed to *simple*; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in *The Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“And make thee *gentle* being born a beggar.”

In whose *success* we are gentle, may, indeed, mean in consequence of whose *success* in life, &c. STEEVENS.

*success* seems clearly to have been used for *succession* by Shakspeare, in this, as in other instances. HENLEY.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of *success* the true one.—So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“Plead my *successive* title with your swords.” MALONE.



POL. On, good Camillo.

CAM. I am appointed Him to murder you.<sup>2</sup>

POL. By whom, Camillo?

CAM. By the king.

POL. For what?

CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he  
fswears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument  
To vice you to't,<sup>3</sup>—that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

POL. O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly; and my name  
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *I am appointed Him to murder you.* ] i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

“ Him that thou magnify'st with all these titles,

“ Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *To vice you to't,* ] i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the tempter to evil.

WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff speaking of Falstaff: “ *If he come but within my vice,*” &c. A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakespeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So, in Holinshed, p. 245: “ — the rood of Borleie in Kent, called the rood of grace, made with diverse *vices* to moove the eyes and lips,” &c. It may, indeed, be no more than a corruption of “ *to advise you.* ” So, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

“ Then said the emperour Ernis,

“ Methinketh thou sayest a good *vyce.* ”

But my first attempt at explanation is, I believe, the best.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *did betray the best!* ] Perhaps Judas. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio.

HENDERSON.



Turn then my freshest reputation to  
 A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril  
 Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,  
 Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
 That e'er was heard, or read!

CAM. Swear his thought over  
 By each particular star in heaven,<sup>5</sup> and  
 By all their influences, you may as well  
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,<sup>6</sup>  
 As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,

<sup>5</sup> Swear his thought over.

*By each particular star in heaven, &c.]* The transposition of a single letter reconciles this passage to good sense. Polixenes, in the preceding speech, had been laying the deepest imprecations on himself, if he had ever abus'd Leontes in any familiarity with his queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

— Swear this though over, &c. THEOBALD.

*Swear his thought over*  
 may perhaps mean, *over swear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to overcome his opinion, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars. JOHNSON.

It may mean: "Though you should endeavour to swear away his jealousy,—though you should strive, by your oaths, to change his present thoughts."—The vulgar still use a similar expression: "To swear a person down." MALONE.

This appears to me little better than nonsense; nor have either Malone or Johnson explained it into sense. I think therefore that Theobald's amendment is necessary and well imagined.

M. MASON.

Perhaps the construction is — "Over-swear his thought" — i. e. strive to bear down, or overpower, his conception by oaths.—In our author we have *weigh out* for *outweigh*, *overcome* for *come over*, &c. and *over-swear*, for *swear over* in *Twelfth Night*, A & V.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — you may as well

*Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,]* We meet with the same sentiment in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
 "And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height."

DOUCE.







My people did expect my hence departure  
 Two days ago. — This jealousy  
 Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,  
 Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,  
 Must it be violent; and as he does conceive  
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er shades me:  
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but no-  
     thing  
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!<sup>9</sup> Come, Camillo;  
 I will respect thee as a father, if  
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

<sup>9</sup> *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*

*The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing*

*Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!*] But how could this expedition com-  
 fort the queen? on the contrary, it would increase her husband's  
 suspicion. We should read:

—— and comfort

*The gracious queen's;*

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, just; but what shall be  
 done with the following words, of which I can make nothing?  
 Perhaps the line which connected them to the rest is lost.

—— and comfort

*The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing*

*Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! ——*

Jealousy is a passion compounded of love and suspicion; this passion  
 is the *theme* or subject of the King's thoughts. — Polixenes, per-  
 haps, wishes the queen, for her comfort, so much of that *theme* or  
 subject as is good, but deprecates that which causes misery. May  
 part of the king's present sentiments comfort the queen, but away  
 with his suspicion. This is such meaning as can be picked out.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is—May that good speed which is my friend,  
 comfort likewise the queen who is *part of its theme*, i. e. partly on  
 whose account I go away; but may not the same *comfort* extend it-  
 self to the groundless suspicions of the king; i. e. may not my de-



CAM. It is in mine authority, to command  
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness  
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter* HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

HER. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

1. LADY. Come, my gracious lord.  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

MAM. No, I'll none of you.

1. LADY. Why, my sweet lord?

MAM. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me  
as if

I were a baby still. — I love you better.

parture support him in them! *His for its* is common with Shakspeare: and Paulina says, in a subsequent scene, that she does not choose to appear a friend to Leontes, *in comforting his evils*, i. e. in strengthening his jealousy by appearing to acquiesce in it.

STEEVENS.

*Comfort* is, I apprehend, here used as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; — the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion! — We meet with a similar phraseology in *Twelfth-Night*: "Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight, what my offence to him is; it is *something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.*" MALONE.



2. LADY. And why so, my good lord?<sup>8</sup>

MAM.

Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best; so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2. LADY.

Who taught you this?<sup>9</sup>

MAM. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray  
now

What colour are your eye-brows?

1. LADY.

Blue, my lord.

MAM. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's  
nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2. LADY.

Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince,  
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

1. LADY.

She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

HER. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,  
fir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,  
And tell 's a tale.

MAM.

Merry, or sad, shall't be?

HER. As merry as you will.

MAM.

A sad tale's best for winter:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — my good lord? ] The epithet — *good*, which is wanting in the old copies, is transplanted (for the sake of metre) from a redundant speech in the following page. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Who taught you this? ] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> A sad tale's best for winter: ] Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.



I have one of sprites and goblins.

HER. Let's have that, fir.<sup>9</sup>

Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful  
at it.

MAM. There was a man, ——

HER. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

MAM. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it  
softly;

Yon crickets shall not hear it.

HER. Come on then;

And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.*

LEON. Was he met there? his train? Camillo  
with him?

1. LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;  
never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

LEON. How blest'd am I<sup>2</sup>  
In my just censure? in my true opinion?<sup>3</sup> ——

This supposition may seem to be countenanced by our author's  
98th Sonnet:

“ Yet not the lays of birds, &c.

“ Could make me any *Summer's story* tell.”

And yet, I cannot help regarding the words — *for winter* (which  
spoil the measure) as a playhouse interpolation. All children de-  
light in telling dismal stories; but why should a dismal story be  
*best for winter*? STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Let's have that, fir.*] The old copy redundantly reads — *good*  
*fir.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *How blest'd am I ——*] For the sake of metre, I suppose, our  
author wrote — *How blessed then am I ——* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *In my just censure? in my true opinion?*] *Censure*, in the time  
of our author, was generally used (as in this instance) for judge-



Alack; for lesser knowledge!<sup>4</sup> — How accurs'd,  
 In being so blest! — There may be in the cup  
 A spider steep'd,<sup>5</sup> and one may drink; depart,  
 And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge  
 Is not infected: but if one present  
 The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
 How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
 With violent hefts:<sup>6</sup> — I have drank, and seen the  
 spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander: —  
 There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
 All's true, that is mistrusted: — that false villain,  
 Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:  
 He has discover'd my design, and I  
 Remain a pinch'd thing;<sup>7</sup> yea, a very trick

ment, opinion. So, sir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory  
 verses prefixed to Gascoigne's *Steel Glaspe*, 1576:

“Wherefore to write my *censure* of this book —.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Alack, for lesser knowledge!*] That is, *O that my knowledge  
 were less.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *A spider steep'd,*] That spiders were esteemed venomous, ap-  
 pears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T.  
 Overbury's affair. “The countesse wished me to get the *strongest  
 poyson* I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *seven* — *great spiders,*  
 and cantharides.” HENDERSON.

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So,  
 in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632: “— like the  
*spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *violent hefts:* —] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up.  
 So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' *Translation of Lucan*, 1614:

“But if a part of heavens huge sphere

“Thou chuse thy pond'rous *heft* to beare.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *He has discover'd my design, and I*

*Remain a pinch'd thing;*] The sense, I think, is, He hath now  
 discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a  
 thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and aduate  
 as they please. HEATH.



For them to play at will:—How came the posterns  
So easily open?

1. LORD. By his great authority;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
On your command.

LEON. I know't too well. —  
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse  
him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

HER. What is this? sport?

LEON. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come  
about her;

Away with him: — and let her sport herself  
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes  
Has made thee swell thus.

This sense is possible; but many other meanings might serve as well. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel by one John Hinde, 1606: "Sith then, Cleodora, thou art *pinched*, and hast none to pity thy passions, dissemble thy affection, though it cost thee thy life." Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Had the queene of poetrie been *pinched* with so many passions," &c. These instances may serve to show that *pinched* had anciently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at present. Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. xii. has equipped grief with a pair of *pincers*:

"A pair of *pincers* in his hand he had,  
"With which he *pinched* people to the heart."

The sense proposed by the author of *The Revival* may, however, be supported by the following passage in *The City Match*, by Jasper Maine, 1639:

"—— *Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid  
"Like fishes, fowls, or faces."

Again, by a passage in *All's well that ends well*: — "If you *pinch* me like a patty, [i. e. the crust round the lid of it, which was anciently moulded by the fingers into fantastick shapes,] I can say no more." STEEVENS.



HER. But I'd say, he had not,  
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

LEON. You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well; be but about  
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,  
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable*:  
Praile her but for this her without-door form,  
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and  
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,  
That calumny doth use: — O, I am out,  
That mercy does; for calumny will fear  
Virtue itself:<sup>8</sup> — these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,  
When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,  
Ere you can say *she's honest*: But it be known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
She's an adulteress.

HER. Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.<sup>9</sup>

The subsequent words — “a very *trick* for them to play at will,”  
appear strongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — for calumny will fear

*Virtue itself*:] That is, will stigmatize or brand as infamous.  
So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ — my maiden's name

“ *Sear'd* otherwise.” HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> — you, my lord,

*Do but mistake*.] Otway had this passage in his thoughts, when  
he put the following lines into the mouth of Castalio:

“ — Should the bravest man

“ That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper

“ What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:

“ My friend may be mistaken.” STEEVENS.



LEON. You have mistook, my lady,  
 Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,  
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
 Should a like language use to all degrees,  
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
 Betwixt the prince and beggar! — I have said,  
 She's an adultress; I have said, with whom:  
 More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is  
 A federary with her;<sup>9</sup> and one that knows  
 What she should shame to know herself,  
 But with her most vile principal,<sup>2</sup> that she's  
 A bed-swerver, even as bad as those  
 That vulgars give bold titles;<sup>3</sup> ay, and privy  
 To this their late escape.

HER. No, by my life,  
 Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,  
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
 You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,  
 You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
 You did mistake.

<sup>9</sup> *A federary with her;*] A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

We should certainly read — a *feodary* with her. There is no such word as *federary*. See *Cymbeline*, A & III. sc. ii. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *But with her most vile principal.*] One that knows what we should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant. — *But*, which is here used for *only*, renders this passage somewhat obscure. It has the same signification again in this scene:

“ He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
 “ *But* that he speaks.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *give bold titles;*] The old copy reads — *bold'st* titles; but if the contracted superlative be retained, the roughness of the line will be intolerable. STEEVENS.



LEON. No, no; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The center<sup>4</sup> is not big enough to bear  
A schoolboy's top. — Away with her to prison:  
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
But that he speaks.<sup>5</sup>

HER. There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient, till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable.<sup>6</sup> — Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have  
That honourable grief lodg'd here,<sup>7</sup> which burns

<sup>4</sup> ——— if I mistake ———

*The center, &c.]* That is, if the proofs which I can offer will  
not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted.  
JOHNSON.

Milton, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*, has expressed the same  
thought in more exalted language:

“ ——— if this fail,

“ The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,

“ And earth's base built on stubble.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
But that he speaks.]* Far off guilty, signifies, guilty in a remote  
degree. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *K. Henry V*:

“ Or shall we sparingly show you far off,

“ The dauphin's meaning?”

But that he speaks — means, in merely speaking. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— till the heavens look

*With an aspect more favourable.]* An astrological phrase. The  
*aspect* of stars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be  
such till the age in which Milton tells us

“ ——— the swart star sparely looks.” *Lycidas*, v. 138.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— but I have

*That honourable grief lodg'd here,]* Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ But I have that within which passeth show.” DOUCE.



Worse than tears drown:<sup>8</sup> 'Beseech you all, my lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so  
The king's will be perform'd!

LEON. Shall I be heard? [*To the guards.*

HER. Who is't, that goes with me? — 'beseech  
your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;  
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mis-  
tress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,  
As I come out; this action, I now go on,<sup>9</sup>  
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord:  
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,  
I trust, I shall. — My women, come; you have  
leave.

LEON. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and LADIES.

1. LORD. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen  
again.

<sup>8</sup> ——— which burns

*Worse than tears drown:*] So, in *King Henry VIII.* Queen Katharine says —

“ ——— my drops of tears

“ I'll turn to sparks of fire.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *this action, I now go on,*] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for indictment, charge, or accusation.

JOHNSON.

We cannot say that a person goes on an indictment, charge, or accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, “What I am now about to do.” M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's supposition may be countenanced by the following passage in *Much ado about nothing*, A& I. sc. i:

“When I went forward on this ended action.” STEEVENS.



ANT. Be certain what you do, fir; lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

I. LORD.

For her, my lord, —

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, fir,

Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless

I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,

In this which you accuse her.

ANT.

If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife;<sup>9</sup> I'll go in couples with her;

<sup>9</sup> — I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife;] *Stable-stand* (*stabilis statio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the forests-laws, and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand under some convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was presumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *stable-stand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *stable*; and it may perhaps be objected, that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing *stable* short, the measure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakspeare never scruples to use; therefore I read, *stable-stand*. HANMER.

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's addition to the text. So, in the ancient interlude of *The Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567:

“Where thou dwellest, the devyll may have a *stable*.”

STEEVENS.

If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is a place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose, as well as our author, has occasionally seen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a stable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King John*:



Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust  
her;<sup>9</sup>

For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
If she be.

LEON. Hold your peaces.

1. LORD. Good my lord, —

ANT. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:  
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,<sup>2</sup>  
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,  
I would land-damn him:<sup>3</sup> Be she honour-flaw'd, —

“ To dive like buckets in concealed wells,

“ To crouch in litter of your stable planks.”

In the Teutonick language, *hund-stall*, or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *stable*, however may mean *station*, *stabilis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Than, when I feel, and see her, &c.] The old copies read — Then when, &c. The correction is Mr. Rowe's. STEEVENS.

The modern editors read — *Than* when, &c. certainly not without ground, for *than* was formerly spelt *then*; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— putter-on,] i. e. one who instigates. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— the powers divine

“ Put on their instruments.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— land-damn him:] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *stop his urine*, *Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

*Land-damn* is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will rid the country of him, condemn him to quit the land. JOHNSON.

*Land-damn* him, if such a reading can be admitted, may mean, he would procure sentence to be past on him in this world, on this earth.

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *stopping his urine*. Besides, it appears too ridiculous a punishment for so atrocious a criminal. Yet it must be confessed, that what Sir T.



I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;  
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;<sup>4</sup>

Hanmer has said concerning the word *lant*, is true. I meet with the following instance in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

"Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant* in't."

And, in Shakspeare's time, to drink a lady's health in *urine* appears to have been esteemed an act of gallantry. One instance (for I could produce many) may suffice: "Have I not religiously vow'd my heart to you, been drunk for you health, eat glasses, *drank urine*, stabb'd arms, and done all the offices of protested gallantry for your sake?" *Antigonus*, on this occasion, may therefore have a dirty meaning. It should be remembered, however, that to *damn* anciently signified to *condemn*. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act. IV. sc. i:

"He shall not live; look, with a spot I *damn* him."

STEEVENS.

I am persuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the transcriber was deceived by similitude of sounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be ascertained; but the sentiment was probably similar to that in *Othello*:

"O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold," &c.

I believe, we should read—*land-dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. So, in *King John*:

"His ears are stopp'd with *dust*; he's *dead*."

Again, *ibid*:

"And stop this gap of breath with fullsome *dust*."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

"The corps clapt fast in clotted *claye*,

"That here engrav'd doth lie—"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*:

"Speak to the knave?"

"I'll ha' my mouth first stopp'd with *earth*." MALONE.

After all these awkward struggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unsafely, read—

"I'd *laudanum* him,"——

i. e. poison him with *laudanum*. The word is much more ancient than the time of Shakspeare. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The second and the third, nine, and some five;*] The second folio reads—*sonnes five*. REED.

This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both "*the second and the third*." But it is sufficiently clear, re-



If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,

I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;  
And I had rather glib myself, than they  
Should not produce fair issue.<sup>4</sup>

LEON. Cease; no more.  
You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,<sup>5</sup>

*ferendo singula singulis.* The second is of the age of nine, and the third is some five years old. The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *K. Lear*:

"For that I am, some twelve or fourteen moonshines,  
"Lag of a brother."

The editor of the second folio reads—*sons* five; startled probably by the difficulty that arises from the subsequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author answer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, shows it may be done. Shakspeare undoubtedly wrote *some*; for were we, with the ignorant editor above-mentioned, to read—*sons* five, then the second and third daughter would both be of the same age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reasonable to suppose. Besides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but sons never. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And I had rather glib myself. &c.*] For *glib* I think we should read *lib*, which, in the northern language, is the same with *geld*.

In *The Court Beggar*, by Mr. Richard Brome, Act IV. the word *lib* is used in this sense:—"He can sing a charm (he says) shall make you feel no pain in your *libbing*, nor after it: no tooth-drawer, or corn-cutter, did ever work with so little feeling to a patient." GREY.

So, in the comedy of *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, by Ford, 1638:

"What a terrible fight to a *lib'd* breech, is a sow-gelder?"

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many counties, where they say—to *glib* a boar, to *glib* a horse. So, in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, a play by Shirley, 1640:

"If I come back, let me be *glib'd*."

<sup>5</sup> ———*I see't, and feel't,*] The old copy—but I do see't, and feel't. I have followed Sir T. Hanmer, who omits these exple-



As you feel doing thus; and see withal  
The instruments that feel.<sup>6</sup>

ANT. If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty;  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.<sup>7</sup>

LEON. What! lack I credit?

tives, which serve only to derange the metre, without improving the sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *I see't and feel't,*

*As you feel doing thus; and see withal*

*The instruments that feel.*] Some stage direction seems necessary in this place; but what that direction should be, it is not easy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*Laying hold of his arm*; Dr. Johnson—*striking his brows*. STEEVENS.

As a stage direction is certainly requisite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propose a different one from any hitherto mentioned. *Leontes*, perhaps, touches the forehead of *Antigonus* with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a SNAIL'S HORNS; for these, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are the instruments that feel, to which he alluded.—There is a similar reference in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from whence the direction of *striking his brows* seems to have been adopted:—"he so takes on,—so curses all Eve's daughters, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*"—The word *lunes*, it should be noted, occurs in the context of both passages, and in the same sense. HENLEY.

I see and feel my disgrace, as you, *Antigonus*, now feel me, on my doing thus to you, and as you now see the instruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— all the body's members

"Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—

"That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.

"———where, the other instruments

"Did see, hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel," &c.

*Leontes* must here be supposed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or some other part, of *Antigonus*. See a subsequent note in the last scene of this act. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *dungy earth.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"———our dungy earth alike

"Feeds beast as man." STEEVENS.



1. LORD. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,

Upon this ground: and more it would content me  
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

LEON. Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this? but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness  
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,  
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,  
Relish as truth,<sup>7</sup> like us; inform yourselves,  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all  
Properly ours.

ANT. And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgement tried it,  
Without more overture.

LEON. How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,

<sup>7</sup> ———which,—if you—

*Relish as truth,*] The old copy reads—*a* truth. Mr. Rowe made the necessary correction—*as*. STEEVENS.

Our author is frequently inaccurate in the construction of his sentences, and the conclusion of them do not always correspond with the beginning. So before, in this play:

“ ———who,—if I

“ Had servants true about me,—

“ ———they would do that,” &c.

The late editions read—*as* truth, which is certainly more grammatical; but a wish to reduce our author's phraseology to the modern standard, has been the source of much error in the regulation of his text. MALONE.



That lack'd fight only, nought for approbation,  
But only seeing,<sup>8</sup> all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceed-  
ing :

Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency :<sup>9</sup> Now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1. LORD. Well done, my lord.

LEON. Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,  
From our free person she should be confin'd;  
Lest that the treachery of the two,<sup>2</sup> fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
We are to speak in publick: for this business  
Will raise us all.

ANT. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> ——— *nought for approbation,*  
*But only seeing.*] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *stuff'd sufficiency:*] That is, of abilities more than enough.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Lest that the treachery of the two, &c.*] He has before declared,  
that there is a plot against his life and crown, and that Hermione is  
*federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.



S C E N E II.

*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

PAUL. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;  
[Exit an Attendant.  
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!  
No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.*

You know me, do you not?

KEEP. For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

PAUL. Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

KEEP. I may not, madam; to the contrary I have exprefs commandment.

PAUL. Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
The access of gentle visitors! — Is it lawful,  
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?  
Emilia?

KEEP. So please you, madam, to put  
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring  
Emilia forth.

PAUL. I pray you now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves. [ *Exeunt* Attend.

KEEP. And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.



PAUL. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

EMIL. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,  
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

PAUL. A boy?

EMIL. A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*  
*I am innocent as you.*

PAUL. I dare be sworn:—  
These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king! <sup>8</sup> bespew  
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,

\* *These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king!*] I have no where, but  
in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify,  
*frenzy, lunacy.* But it is a mode of expression with the French.—  
*Il y a de la lune:* (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is  
frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune, folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans  
la tête. Richelet.*" THEOBALD.

A similar expression occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:  
"I know 'twas but some peevish moon in him." Again, in *As  
you like it*, A&III. sc. ii: "At which time would I, being but a  
moonish youth," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*i*' the king. This slight correction was made  
by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.



Commend my best obedience to the queen;  
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
 I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
 Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know  
 How he may soften at the sight o'the child;  
 The silence often of pure innocence  
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

EMIL. Most worthy madam,  
 Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,  
 That your free undertaking cannot miss  
 A thriving issue; there is no lady living,  
 So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship  
 To visit the next room, I'll presently  
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;  
 Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;  
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
 Lest she should be denied.

PAUL. Tell her, Emilia,  
 I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,  
 As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
 I shall do good.

EMIL. Now be you blest for it!  
 I'll to the queen: Please you, come something  
 nearer.

KEEP. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,  
 I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
 Having no warrant.

PAUL. You need not fear it, sir:  
 The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,  
 By law and process of great nature, thence  
 Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to  
 The anger of the king; nor guilty of,  
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

KEEP. I do believe it.









*Painted by J. Opie.*

*I.co. It shall be possible; I swear by this sword,*

*That will perform my bidding.*

*Ant. I will, my lord.*

*I.co. My lord, and perform it (swear thou?) for the fault*

SHAKSPEARE.

*Winter's Tale.*

ACT. II. SCENE III.

*Of any point int. shall not only be*

*Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;*

*Whom for this time, we pardon. —*

*L. Opie, Sculp.*



PAUL. Do not you fear: upon  
 Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.  
 [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E III.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.*

LEON. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but  
 weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if  
 The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,  
 She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king  
 Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
 And level of my brain,<sup>4</sup> plot-proof: but she  
 I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,  
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
 Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1. ATTEN. My lord? [*advancing.*]

LEON. How does the boy?

1. ATTEN. He took good rest to-night;  
 'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

<sup>4</sup> ——— out of the blank

And level of my brain,] Beyond the aim of any attempt that  
 I can make against him. Blank and level are terms of archery.

JOHNSON.

Blank and level, mean mark and aim; but they are terms of  
 gunnery, not of archery. DOUCE.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ ——— I stood i'th' level

“ Of a full-charg'd conspiracy.” RITSON.



LEON. To see,  
His nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And down-right languish'd.—Leave me solely:<sup>5</sup> go,  
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fie, fie! no  
thought of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;  
And in his parties, his alliance,<sup>6</sup> — Let him be,  
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor  
Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

1. LORD. You must not enter.

PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to  
me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;  
More free, than he is jealous.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Leave me solely:*] That is, leave me alone. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> *The very thought of my revenges that way*

*Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;*

*And in his parties, his alliance,]* So, in *Dorastus and Fawnia*:

“Pandofto, although he felt that *revenge* was a spur to warre, and that envy alwayes proffereth Steele, yet he saw Egisthus was not only of great puiffance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his *alliance* to ayd him, if need should serve; for he married the Emperor of Ruffia's daughter.” Our author, it is observable, whether from forgetfulness or design, has made this lady the wife (not of Egisthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes.

MALONE.



ANT. That's enough.

1. ATTEN. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;  
commanded  
None should come at him.

PAUL. Not so hot, good sir;  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings,—such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true;  
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,  
That presses him from sleep.

LEON. What noise there, ho?

PAUL. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,  
About some gossip for your highness.

LEON. How? —  
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,  
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;  
I knew, she would.

ANT. I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

LEON. What, canst not rule her?

PAUL. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

ANT. Lo you now; you hear!  
When she will take the rein, I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

PAUL. Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ———who profess—] Old copy—*professes*. STEEVENS.



Myself your loyal fervant, your phyfician,  
Your moft obedient counfellor; yet that dare  
Lefs appear fo, in comforting your evils,<sup>8</sup>  
Than fuch as moft feem yours:—I fay, I come  
From your good queen.

LEON. Good queen!

PAUL. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I fay,  
good queen;

And would by combat make her good, fo were I  
A man, the worft about you.<sup>9</sup>

LEON. Force her hence.

PAUL. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,  
Firft hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;  
But, firft, I'll do my errand — The good queen,  
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;  
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleffing.

[Laying down the child.

LEON. Out!

A mankind witch!<sup>2</sup> Hence with her, out o' door:

<sup>8</sup> — in comforting your evils,] *Comforting* is here uſed in the legal ſenſe of *comforting* and *abetting* in a criminal action.

M. MASON.

To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courſes*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And would by combat make her good, ſo were I*

*A man, the worſt about you.*] The *worſt* means only the *loweſt*, Were I the meaneſt of your ſervants, I would yet claim the combat againſt any accuſer. JOHNSON

The *worſt*, (as Mr. M. Maſon and Mr. Henley obſerve,) rather means the *weakeſt*, or the *leaſt expert in the uſe of arms*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Edwards obſerves, that “The worſt about you” may mean the *weakeſt*, or *leaſt warlike*. So, “a *better man*, the *beſt man* in company, frequently refer to ſkill in fighting, not to moral goodneſs.” I think he is right. MALONE

<sup>2</sup> *A mankind witch!*] A *mankind woman* is yet uſed in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and miſchievous. It has the ſame ſenſe in this paſſage.



A most intelligencing bawd!

PAUL.

Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you

Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women; therefore sir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "*that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*" Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"That e'er I should be seen to strike a woman." —

"Why she is *mankind*, therefore thou may'st strike her."

Again, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in *A. Fraunce's Iwiechurch*: He is speaking of the Golden Age:

"Noe man murdring man with teare-flesh pyke or a poll-ax;

"Tygers were then tame, sharpe tusked boare was obeisfant;

"Stoordy lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankinde*."

So, in *M. Frobisher's first voyage for the discoverie of Cataya*, 4to. bl. l. 1578: p. 48. "He saw mightie deere, that seemed to be *mankind*, which ranne at him, and hardly he escaped with his life," &c. STEEVENS.

I shall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon grammar, p. 119. edit. 1705, observes: "*Saxonice man est a mein quod Cimbrice est nocumentum, Francice est nefas, scelus.*" So that *mankind* may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and from *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

Notwithstanding the many learned notes on this expression, I am confident that *mankind*, in this passage, means nothing more than *masculine*. So, in *Massinger's Guardian*:

"I keep no *mankind* servant in my house,

"For fear my chastity may be suspected."

And Jonson, in one of his Sonnets, says

"Pallas now thee I call on, *mankind* maid!"

The same phrase frequently occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus in *Monfieur Thomas*, when Sebastian sees him in women's clothes, and supposes him to be a girl, he says,

"A plaguy *mankind* girl; how my brains totter!"

And Gondarino in *The Woman-Hater*:

"Are women grown so *mankind*?"

In all which places *mankind* means *masculine*. M. MASON.



In so entitling me: and no less honest  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEON.

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—  
Thou, dotard, [*To ANTIGONUS.*] thou art woman-  
tir'd,<sup>3</sup> unrooted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;  
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.<sup>4</sup>

PAUL.

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness<sup>5</sup>  
Which he has put upon't!

<sup>3</sup> ——— *thou art woman-tir'd*] *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman; *hen-pecked*. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare.—So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

“He has given me a bone to *tire* on.”

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“——the vulture *tires*

“Upon the eagle's heart.”

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“Must with keen fang *tire* upon thy flesh.”

*Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *thy crone*] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. So, in *The Malcontent*, 1606: “There is an old *crone* in the court, her name is Maquerelle.” Again, in *Love's Mistress*, by T. Heywood, 1636:

“Witch and hag, *crone* and beldam.”

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611: “All the gold in Crete cannot get one of you old *crones* with child.” Again, in the ancient interlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567:

“I have knowne painters, that have made old *crones*,

“To appear as pleasant as little pretty young Jones.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*

*Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness*—] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard*; Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.



LEON. He dreads his wife.

PAUL. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past  
all doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

LEON. A nest of traitors!

ANT. I am none, by this good light.

PAUL. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he

The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

His hopeful son's, his babe's,<sup>6</sup> betrays to slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's;<sup>7</sup> and will  
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse

He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten,

As ever oak, or stone, was found.

LEON. A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,

And now baits me!—That brat is none of mine:

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it; and, together with the dam,

Commit them to the fire.

PAUL. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

A *base* son was a common term in our author's time. So, in *K. Lear*:

“ ——— Why brand they us

“ With *base*? with *baseness*? bastardy?” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— his babe's, ] The female infant then on the stage.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; ] Again in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— slander

“ Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue

“ Out-venoms all the worms of Nile.” DOUCE.







LEON. A grofs hag!—  
And, lozel,<sup>2</sup> thou art worthy to be hang'd,  
That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANT. Hang all the husbands,  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

LEON. Once more, take her hence.

PAUL. A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

LEON. I'll have thee burn'd.

PAUL. I care not :  
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,  
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something  
favours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEON. On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her.

PAUL. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove fend  
her

<sup>2</sup> And, lozel,] "A *Lofel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." *Verslegan's Restitution*, 1605, p. 335. REED.

This is a term of contempt, frequently used by Spenser. I likewise meet with it in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"To have the *lozel's* company."

A *lozel* is a worthless fellow. Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"Peace, prating *lozel*," &c. STEEVENS.



A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—  
 You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
 Will never do him good, not one of you.  
 So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

LEON. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—  
 My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast  
 A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
 And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
 Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
 Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
 (And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,  
 With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,  
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
 The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
 Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
 For thou sett'st on thy wife.

ANT. I did not, sir:  
 These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
 Can clear me in't.

1. LORD. We can; my royal liege,  
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.

LEON. You are liars all.

1. LORD. 'Beseech your highness, give us better  
 credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech  
 So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,  
 (As recompence of our dear services,  
 Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;  
 Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must  
 Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

LEON. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—  
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
 And call me father? Better burn it now,  
 Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:



It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;  
[ To ANTIGONUS.

You, that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,  
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey,<sup>3</sup>—what will you adventure

To save this brat's life?

ANT. Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

LEON. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,<sup>4</sup>  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANT. I will, my lord.

LEON. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for  
the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;  
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it

<sup>3</sup> *So sure as this beard's grey,*] The king must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occasion, (see p. 59, n. 6.) it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leontes has himself told us that twenty three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled, and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Swear by this sword,*] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Penance of Arthur*, Sig. S. 2: "And therewith King Marke yielded him unto Sir Gatheris, and then he kneeled downe and made his oath upon the crosse of the sword," &c.

I remember to have seen the name of Jesus engraved upon the pommel of the sword of a Crusader in the Church at Winchelsea.

DOUCE.



To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection,  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—  
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—  
That thou commend it strangely to some place,<sup>5</sup>  
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

ANT. I swear to do this; though a present death  
Had been more merciful — Come on, poor babe:  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,  
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous  
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,<sup>6</sup>  
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!<sup>7</sup>

[Exit, with the child.

LEON. No, I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

I. ATTEND. Please your highness, posts,  
From those you sent to the oracle, are come

<sup>5</sup> ——— commend it strangely to some place, ] Commit it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,

“ And so I do commend you to their backs.”

To commend is to commit. See *Minsheu's Dict.* in v. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— and blessing, ] i. e. the favour of heaven. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— condemn'd to loss! ] i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have lost. I once thought that *loss* was here licentiously used for *destruction*; but that this was not the primary sense here intended, appears from a subsequent passage, Act III. sc. iii:

“ ——— Poor wretch,

“ That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd

“ To loss, and what may follow!” MALONE.



An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

1. LORD.                      So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

LEON.                      Twenty-three days  
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; <sup>8</sup> foretels,  
The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath  
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;  
And think upon my bidding.                      [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> 'Tis *good speed*; &c. ] Surely we should read the passage thus:  
*This good speed foretels*, &c. M. MASON.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. A Street in some town.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*<sup>8</sup>

CLEO. The climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;  
Fertile the isle ; <sup>9</sup> the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

DION. I shall report,  
For most it caught me, <sup>2</sup> the celestial habits,  
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i'the offering !

CLEO. But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,

<sup>8</sup> ——— *Cleomenes and Dion.* ] These two names, and those of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's *Plutarch*.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Fertile the isle ;* ] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakspeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakspeare wrote : *Fertile the soil*,——which is more elegant too, than the present reading. *WARBURTON.*

Shakspeare is little careful of geography. There is no need of this emendation in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is supposed to be a maritime country. *JOHNSON.*

In the *History of Dorastus and Faunia*, the queen desires the king to send “ six of his noblemen, whom he best trusted, to the *isle* of Delphos,” &c. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>2</sup> *For most it caught me,* ] It may relate to the whole spectacle.

*JOHNSON.*



Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,  
That I was nothing.

DION. If the event o'the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—  
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't.<sup>3</sup>

CLEO. Great Apollo,  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

DION. The violent carriage of it  
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,  
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare,  
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh  
horses;  
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly  
seated.

LEON. This sessions (to our great grief, we pro-  
nounce,)

<sup>3</sup> *The time is worth the use on't.* ] *The time is worth the use on't,* means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompensed us for the trouble of so spending it. JOHNSON.

If the event prove fortunate to the queen, *the time which we have spent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath cost us.* In other words, the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the same expression in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603: "The common saying is, the time we live, is worth the money we pay for it." MALONE.



Even pushes 'gainst our heart: <sup>3</sup> The party tried,  
 The daughter of a king; our wife; and one  
 Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd  
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
 Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,  
 Even to the guilt, or the purgation. <sup>4</sup> ——  
 Produce the prisoner.

OFFI. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen  
 Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and  
 Ladies, attending.

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFFI. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,  
 king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of  
 high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes,  
 king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take  
 away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal  
 husband: the pretence <sup>5</sup> whereof being by circumstances  
 partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith  
 and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid  
 them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

HER. Since what I am to say, must be but that  
 Which contradicts my accusation; and  
 The testimony on my part, no other  
 But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me

<sup>3</sup> —— pushes 'gainst our heart:] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ —— every minute of his being thrusts

“ Against my near'st of life.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Even to the guilt, or the purgation.] Mr. Roderick observes,  
 that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but  
 as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in *Macbeth* to *Justice*, seems  
 to unite both senses. HENLEY

<sup>5</sup> —— pretence —] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a  
*design formed*; to *pretend* means to *design*, in *The Two Gentlemen of*  
*Verona*. JOHNSON.



To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,<sup>6</sup>  
 Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
 Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine  
 Behold our human actions, (as they do,)  
 I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
 False accusation blush, and tyranny  
 Tremble at patience.<sup>7</sup>—You, my lord, best know,  
 (Who least<sup>8</sup> will seem to do so,) my past life  
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 As I am now unhappy; which<sup>9</sup> is more  
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd,  
 And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,  
 To prate and talk for life, and honor, 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— mine integrity, &c.] That is, my *virtue* being accounted wickedness, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falseness* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

It is frequently used in the former sense in *Othello*, A & V:

“He says, thou told'st him that his wife was *false*.”

Again:

“——Thou art rash as fire,

“To say that she was *false*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— If powers divine

Behold our human actions, (as they do,)

*I doubt not then but innocence shall make*

*False accusation blush, and tyranny*

*Tremble at patience.*] Our author has here closely followed the novel of *Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1588: “If the divine powers be privie to human actions, (as no doubt they are, I hope my patience shall make fortune blush, and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Who least ———] Old Copy—*Whom* least. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— which ———] That is, which unhappiness. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— For life, I prize it, &c.] Life is to me now only grief, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON.



As I weigh grief, which I would spare: <sup>9</sup> for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine, <sup>2</sup>  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience, <sup>3</sup> sir, before Polixenes  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so; since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I  
 Have strain'd, to appear thus: <sup>4</sup> if one jot beyond

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I would spare:] To spare any thing is to let it go, to quit the possession of it. JOHNSON.*

<sup>2</sup> *'Tis a derivative from me to mine,]* This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 11. cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *I appeal*

*To your own conscience, &c.] So, in Dorastus and Faunia, "how I have led my life before Egisthus' coming, I appeal, Pandosto, to the Gods, and to thy conscience." MALONE.*

<sup>4</sup> ——— *since he came,*

*With what encounter so uncurrent I*

*Have strain'd, to appear thus:]* These lines I do not understand; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot understand I suppose unintelligible, and therefore propose that they may be altered thus:

*" ——— Since he came,*

*With what encounter so uncurrent have I*

*Been stain'd to appear thus?*

At least I think it might be read:

*With what encounter so uncurrent have I*

*Strain'd to appear thus? If one yet beyond— JOHNSON.*

The sense seems to be this:—*what sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character. So, in Timon of Athens:*

*" ——— a noble nature*

*" May catch a wrench."*

An *uncurrent* encounter seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable congress. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting*, in which the shock of meeting adversaries was so called. Thus, in Drayton's *Legend of T. Cromwell E. of Essex:*

*" Yet these encounters thrust me not awry."*



The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,  
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts

The sense would then be: — In what base reciprocation of love have I caught this strain? *Uncurrent* is what will not pass, and is, at present, only applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of — *some strain in her character*, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, the same expression occurs:

“ — *strain* your loves

“ With any base, or hir'd persuasions.”

To *strain*, I believe, means to *go awry*. So, in the 6th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ As wantonly she *strains* in her lascivious course.”

Drayton is speaking of the irregular course of the river Wye.

STEEVENS.

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, justify Mr. Steevens in supposing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting*. HENLEY.

Johnson thinks it necessary for the sense, to transpose these words and read, “ With what encounter so uncurrent have I strained to appear thus?” But he could not have proposed that alteration, had he considered, with attention, the construction of the passage, which runs thus: “ I appeal to your own conscience, with what encounter,” &c. That is, “ I appeal to your own conscience *to declare* with what encounter so uncurrent I have strained to appear thus.” He was probably misled by the point of interrogation at the end of the sentence, which ought not to have been there.

M. MASON.

The precise meaning of the word *encounter* in this passage may be gathered from our author's use of it elsewhere:

“ Who hath —

“ Confess'd the vile *encounters* they have had

“ A thousand times in secret.” *Much ado about Nothing*.

Hero and Borachio are the persons spoken of. Again, in *Measure for Measure*: “ We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place: if the *encounter* acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — found no opposition

“ But what he look'd for should oppose, and she

“ Should from *encounter* guard.”

As, to pass or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the present passage, with his accustomed licence, uses the word *uncurrent* as synonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *strain'd*, may perhaps mean — I have swerved or deflected from the strict line of duty. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:



Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

LEON. I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.<sup>5</sup>

HER. That's true enough;  
Though 'tis a saying, fir, not due to me.

LEON. You will not own it.

HER. More than mistress of,  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,  
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;<sup>6</sup>

"Nor aught so good, but *strain'd* from that fair use,  
"Revolts—"

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet:

"Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud *heart go wide*."  
A bed-swerver has already occurred in this play.

"To appear *thus*," is, to appear in such an assembly as this;  
to be put on my trial. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I ne'er heard yet,*

*That any of these bolder vices wanted*

*Less impudence to gain-say what they did,*

*Than to perform it first.*]

It is apparen that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion. JOHNSON.

Examples of the same phraseology (as Mr. Malone observes,) occur in this play, p. 31; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. xii. and in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iv; and as Mr. Ritson adds) in *Macbeth*, Act III. sc. vi. SIEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *For Polixenes,*

*(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess*

*I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd; &c.]* So, in *Dorastus*



With such a kind of love, as might become  
 A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
 So, and no other, as yourself commanded:  
 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
 Both disobedience and ingratitude,  
 To you, and toward your friend; whose love had  
      spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
 I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd  
 For me to try how: all I know of it,  
 Is, that Camillo was an honest man;  
 And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you know  
 What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

HER. Sir,  
 You speak a language that I understand not:  
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,<sup>7</sup>  
 Which I'll lay down.

LEON.               Your actions are my dreams;  
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,

*and Faunia:* "What hath passed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale. That I lov'd Egisthus, I cannot denie; that I honour'd him, I shame not to confesse. — But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egisthus is honest, and hope myself to be found without spot. For Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuse him nor excuse him. I was not privie to his departure. And that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer myselfe to the divine oracle." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *My life stands in the level of your dreams,]* To be in the level is, by a metaphor from archery, to be within the reach. JOHNSON.

This metaphor, (as both Mr. Douce and Mr. Ritson have already observed,) is from *gunnery*. See p. 65, n. 4.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"—— I stood i'the level

"Of a full charg'd confederacy." STEEVENS.



And I but dream'd it :—As you were past all shame,  
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth :<sup>7</sup>  
Which to deny, concerns more than avails :<sup>8</sup>

For as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee, than it.) so thou  
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,  
Look for no less than death.

HER. Sir, spare your threats ;  
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity :  
The crown and comfort of my life,<sup>9</sup> your favour,

<sup>7</sup> — *As you were past all shame,*

*(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:]* I do not remember that *fact* is used any where absolutely for *guilt*, which must be its sense in this place. Perhaps we should read:

*Those of your pack are so.*

*Pack* is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal invective. JOHNSON.

I should guess *seet* to be the right word. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. A& II. sc. iv.

In Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*, a Courtezan says: "It is the easiest art and cunning for our *seet* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well." FARMER.

Thus, Falstaff, speaking of Dol Tearsheet: "So is all her *seet*; if they be once in a calm, they are sick." *Those of your fact* may, however, mean—those who have done as you do. STEVENS.

That *fact* is the true reading, is proved decisively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former passage [ "I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder vices," &c.]: "And as for her [said Pandosto] it was her part to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact*, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Which to deny concerns more than avails:]* It is your business to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be useless; will prove nothing. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *The crown and comfort of my life,]* The supreme blessing of my life. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"O that husband!

"My supreme crown of grief." MALONE.



I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
 But know not how it went: My second joy,  
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
 I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,  
 Starr'd most unluckily,<sup>2</sup> is from my breast  
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
 Haled out to murder: Myself on every post  
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,  
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
 To women of all fashion;—Lastly, hurried  
 Here to this place, i'the open air, before  
 I have got strength of limit.<sup>3</sup> Now, my liege,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.  
 But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,  
 I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,  
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,  
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,  
 'Tis rigour, and not law.<sup>4</sup>—Your honours all,

<sup>2</sup> *Starr'd most unluckily,*] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet.  
 So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“And shake the yoke of *inauspicious stars*

“From this world-wearied flesh.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I have got strength of limit.*] I know not well how *strength of limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber; which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *strength of limb*. And now, &c. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously conceives *strength of limit* to mean, *the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ———— I tell you,

'Tis rigour, and not law.] This also is from the novel: “Bel-laria, no whit dismaid with this rough reply, told her husband Pandosto, that he spake upon choller and not conscience; for her virtuous life had been such as no spot of suspicion could ever stayne. And if she had borne a friendly countenance to Egisthus, it was in respect he was his friend, and not for any lusting affection: therefore if she were condemned without any farther prooffe, it was rigour and not law.” MALONE.



I do refer me to the oracle;  
Apollo be my Judge.

1. LORD.                      This your request  
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

HER. The emperor of Russia was my father:  
O, that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery;<sup>5</sup> yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

OFFI. You here shall swear upon this sword of  
                                         justice,  
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought  
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

CLEO. DION.                      All this we swear.

LEON. Break up the seals, and read.

OFFI. [*reads.*] Hermione is chaste,<sup>6</sup> Polixenes

<sup>5</sup> *The flatness of my misery;*] That is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. II:

"—— Thus repuls'd, our final hope

"Is flat despair." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Hermione is chaste, &c.*] This is almost literally from Lodge's Novel:

"*The Oracle.*

"Suspicion is no prooffe; jealousy is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaste; Egisthus blameless; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found." MALONE.



*blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HER. Praised!

LEON. Hast thou read truth?

OFFI. Ay, my lord; even so  
As it is here set down.

LEON. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:  
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter a Servant, hastily.*

SER. My lord the king, the king!

LEON. What is the business?

SER. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed,<sup>7</sup> is gone.

LEON. How! gone?

SER. Is dead.

LEON. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves  
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*] How  
now there;

PAUL. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look  
down,  
And see what death is doing.

LEON. Take her hence:  
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—

<sup>7</sup> *Of the queen's speed,*] Of the event of the queen's trial: so we still say, he sped well or ill. JOHNSON.



I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion: —  
 'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
 Some remedies for life. — Apollo, pardon  
     [*Exeunt PAULINA and ladies, with HERMIONE.*  
 My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —  
 I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;  
 New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;  
 Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:  
 For, being transported by my jealousies  
 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
 Camillo for the minister, to poison  
 My friend Polixenes: which had been done,  
 But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
 My swift command,<sup>8</sup> though I with death, and with  
 Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
 Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,  
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest  
 Unclass'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,  
 Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard  
 Of all incertainties himself commended,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *But that the good mind of Camillo tardied*

*My swift command,*] Here likewise our author has closely followed Greene: " — promising not only to shew himself a loyal and a loving husband; but also to reconcile himself to Egisthus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death, if that *the good mind* of his cup-bearer had not prevented his purpose." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *and to the certain hazard*

*Of all incertainties himself commended,*] In the original copy some word probably of two syllables, was inadvertently omitted in the first of these lines. I believe the word omitted was either *doubtful*, or *fearful*. The editor of the second folio endeavoured to cure the defect by reading — the *certain* hazard; the most improper word that could have been chosen. How little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled to, has been shown in my preface. *Commended* is *committed*. See p. 76. MALONE.

I am of a contrary opinion, and therefore retain the emendation of the second folio.



No richer than his honour:—How he glisters  
Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!<sup>2</sup>

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

PAUL. Woe the while!  
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

1. LORD. What fit is this, good lady?

PAUL. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for  
me?

What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,  
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture  
Must I receive; whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny  
Together working with thy jealousies,—  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,  
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
And damnable ungrateful:<sup>3</sup> nor was't much,

*Certain hazard, &c. is quite in our author's manner. So in  
The Comedy of Errors, A&H. sc. ii:*

*"Until I know this sure uncertainty." STEEVENS.*

<sup>2</sup> *Does my deeds make the blacker!]* This vehement retraction of  
Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he  
was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissi-  
tudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with  
guilt. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
And damnable ungrateful:]* I have ventured at a slight altera-  
tion here, against the authority of all the copies, and for *fool* read—  
*soul*. It is certainly too gross and blunt in Paulina, though she  
might impeach the king of fooleries in some of his past actions and  
conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more par-



Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,<sup>4</sup>  
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,  
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon  
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,  
 To be or none, or little; though a devil  
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts  
 (Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart  
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish fire  
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
 Laid to thy answer: But the last, — O, lords,  
 When I have said, cry, woe! — the queen, the queen,  
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and ven-  
 geance for't

donable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face. THEOBALD.

—— *show thee of a fool,*] So all the copies. We should read:  
 —— *show thee off, a fool.* ——

i. e. represent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconstant, &c. WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have spared his sagacity, if he had remembered that the present reading, by a mode of speech anciently much used, means only, *It show'd thee first a fool*, then *inconstant and ungrateful*. JOHNSON.

*Damnably* is here used adverbially. See Vol. IX. p. 138.

MALONE.

The same construction occurs in *The second Book of Phaer's Version of the Æneid*:

“When this the yong men heard me speak, of wild they  
 waxed wood.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,*] How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *though a devil*

*Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't!*] i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damn'd ere he would have committed such an action. STEEVENS.



Not dropp'd down yet.

1. LORD.

The higher powers forbid!

PAUL. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word,  
nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture. or lustre, in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!  
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee  
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

LEON.

Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1. LORD.

Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I' the boldness of your speech.

PAUL.

I am sorry for't;<sup>6</sup>

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much  
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd  
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past  
help,

Should be past grief:<sup>7</sup> Do not receive affliction  
At my petition, I beseech you; rather  
Let me be punish'd that have minded you

<sup>6</sup> *I am sorry for't;*) This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *what's past help,*

*Should be past grief:*] So, in *King Richard II*:

“ Things past redress, are now with me past care.”

STEEVENS.



Of what you should forget! Now, good my liege,  
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:  
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—  
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;  
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
 Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,  
 And I'll say nothing.

LEON.                    Thou didst speak but well,  
 When most the truth; which I receive much better  
 Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
 To the dead bodies of my queen, and son;  
 One grave shall be for both; upon them shall  
 The causes of their death appear, unto  
 Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit  
 The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,  
 Shall be my recreation: So long as  
 Nature will bear up with this exercise,  
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,  
 And lead me to these sorrows. [ *Excunt.*

## S C E N E .III.

Bohemia. *A desert country near the sea.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, *with the Child; and a Mariner.*

ANT. Thou art perfect then,<sup>7</sup> our ship hath touch'd  
                                          upon  
 The deserts of Bohemia?

MAR.                                            Ay, my lord; and fear  
 We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,

<sup>7</sup> *Thou art perfect then,*] *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare for certain, well assured, or well informed. JOHNSON.

It is so used by almost all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.



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galleon in Leeward sea, &c. see. Michel jun.

SHAKSPEARE.

*Winter's Tale.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

Cl. *I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore: but that's not to the point: Oh the most pitiful cry of the poor souls: sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ships bearing the morn with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and fast, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. Had there for the land service.--To see how the bear tore out*

*his shoulder bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:--but to make an end of the ship:--to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it, but fast, how the poor souls roard, and the sea mock'd them:--and how the poor gentleman roard, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.*







And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon us.

ANT. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard:  
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before  
I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your best haste ; and go not  
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather ;  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey, that keep upon't.

ANT. Go thou away ;  
I'll follow instantly.

MAR. I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o'the business. [Exit.]

ANT. Come, poor babe:——  
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits of the dead  
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep, and leave it crying; and for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,*



*Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more :—and so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself ; and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :  
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,  
Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
Either for life, or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well !*

*[Laying down the child.]*

*There lie ; and there thy character :<sup>8</sup> there these ;*

*[Laying down a bundle.]*

*Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,  
And still rest thine. — The storm begins : — Poor  
wretch,*

*That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
To loss, and what may follow !—Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I,  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell !*

*The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to have  
A lullaby too rough :<sup>9</sup> I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?<sup>2</sup>—  
Well may I get aboard !——This is the chace ;  
I am gone for ever, *[Exit, pursued by a bear.]**

<sup>8</sup> — *thy character :*] thy description ; i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *A lullaby too rough :*] So, in *Doraflus and Faunia* : “ Shall thy tender mouth, instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes ? Shall thou have the *whistling winds* for thy lullaby, and the salt sea-some, instead of sweet milke ? ” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *A savage clamour ?*] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters ; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, *the animal pursued*. JOHNSON.



*Enter an old Shepherd.*

SHEP. I would, there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy.<sup>3</sup> Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne!<sup>4</sup> A boy, or a child,<sup>5</sup> I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hol-la'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

<sup>3</sup> ———if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy.] This also is from the novel: “[The Shepherd] fearing either that the *wolves* or eagles had undone him, (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substance,) wand'ed downe towards the *sea-cliffes*, to see if perchance the *sheepe* was brouzing on the *sea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ———a barne; a very pretty barne!] i. e. child. So, in R. Broome's *Northern Lads*, 1633:

“Peace wayward barne! O cease thy moan,

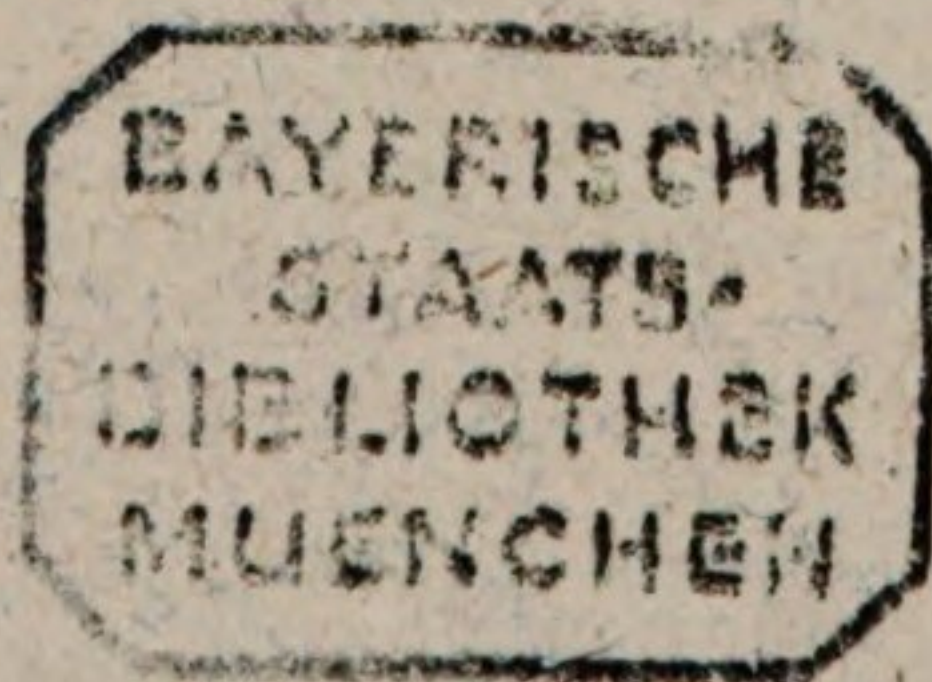
“Thy far more wayward daddy's gone.”

It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ———A boy, or a child,] I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a female infant, in contradistinction to a male one, is still termed, among the peasantry, —a child. STEEVENS.

VOL. X.

H





*Enter Clown.*

CLOWN. Hilloa, loa!

SHEP. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

CLOWN. I have seen two such fights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEP. Why, boy, how is it?

CLOWN. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast;<sup>3</sup> and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:<sup>4</sup>—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

SHEP. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

CLOWN. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under

<sup>3</sup> ——— *now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast;*] So, in *Pericles*: "But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow kisses the moon, I care not." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *flap-dragon'd it:*] i. e. swallowed it, as our ancient toppers swallowed *flap-dragons*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "Thou art easier swallowed than a *flap-dragon*." See note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.



water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

SHEP. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!<sup>5</sup>

CLOWN. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [Aside.

SHEP. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth<sup>6</sup> for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see;—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling:<sup>7</sup> — open't: What's within, boy?

<sup>5</sup> Shep. *Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.*] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; besides, the Clown hath just told his father, that he said his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*; and no less than three times in this short scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. THEOBALD.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself; or perhaps Shakspeare, who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an *old man*, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never seen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding speech: “—nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman;” Mr. Steevens's second conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *a bearing-cloth* —] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *some changeling*:] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;

“She never had so sweet a changeling.” STEEVENS.



CLOWN. You're a made old man ;<sup>7</sup> if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEP. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twell prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way.<sup>8</sup> We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

CLOWN. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry:<sup>9</sup> if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEP. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

CLOWN. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

SHEP. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.

<sup>7</sup> *You're a made old man;*] In former copies: — *You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live, Gold! all gold:*—This the Clown says upon his opening his fardel, and discovering the wealth in it. But this is no reason why he should call his father a *mad old man*. I have ventured to correct in the text—*You're a made old man;* i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treasure. So our poet, in a number of other passages. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: "The good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were made for ever." FARMER.

<sup>8</sup> — *the next way.*] i. e. the nearest way. So, in *King Henry IV. P. I*: "'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *They are never curst, but when they are hungry:*] Curst, signifies mischievous. Thus the adage: *Curst cows have short horns.*

HENLEY.



## A C T IV.

*Enter Time, as Chorus.*

TIME. I,—that please some, try all; both joy, and  
terror,  
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,<sup>2</sup>—  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years,<sup>3</sup> and leave the growth untried

<sup>2</sup> ——— *that make, and unfold error,*] This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* mistakes, and *discover* them, at different conjunctures; but the poet means, that Time often for a season *covers* errors, which he afterwards *displays* and *brings to light*. I chuse therefore to read:

—— *that mask and unfold error,* —— THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is surely unnecessary. *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it.

“These very comments on Shakspeare (says Mr. M. Mason) prove that time can both make and unfold error.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *that I slide*

*O'er sixteen years,*] This trespass, in respect of dramatic unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once famous *Lyly's Endymion*, or (as he himself calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the space of forty years, Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lyly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakspeare committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetstone, in the epistle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Measure for Measure* is formed) had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences



Of that wide gap;<sup>4</sup> since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law,<sup>5</sup> and in one self-born hour

against the laws of the Drama. It must be owned therefore that Shakspeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his comedies, that honest hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he presents on everye common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres runnes he throwe the worlde: mariyes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation will serve to show that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but, like Achilles, denied that laws were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and secure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEEVENS.

In *The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Griffel*, 1603, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Griffel is in the first act married, and soon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a son and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth act is produced on the scene as a woman old enough to be married.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — and leave the growth untried

*Of that wide gap:*] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the gap of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a subsequent passage:

"I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,  
"As you had slept between."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"Whom our fast growing scene must find  
"At Tharsus."

*Gap*, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *golph*, is likewise supported by the same play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, says,



To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass  
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
 Or what is now received: I witness to  
 The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
 To the freshest things now reigning; and make  
     stale

The glistering of this present, as my tale  
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,  
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving  
 The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,  
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me,  
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
 In fair Bohemia;<sup>6</sup> and remember well,  
 I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel

“—learn of me, who stand i'the *gaps* to teach you  
 “The stages of our story.” MALONE.

— *since it is my power, &c.*] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any order or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *imagine me,*  
*Gentle spectators, that I now may be*  
*In fair Bohemia;*] *Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate:

— *imagine we,*  
*Gentle spectators, that you now may be, &c.*

Let us imagine that you, who behold these scenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

*Imagine me*, means *imagine with me*, or *imagine for me*; and is a common mode of expression. Thus we say “do *me* such a thing,” “spell *me* such a word.” In *Henry IV.* Falstaff says, speaking of sack,

“It ascends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there,” &c.

Again, in *King Lear*, Gloucester says to Edmund, speaking of Edgar:

“Wind *me* into him,” &c. M. MASON.







penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

POL. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.<sup>9</sup> Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

CAM. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince:

<sup>9</sup> — and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.] The sense of *heaping friendships*, though like many other of our author's, unusual, at least unusual to modern ears, is not very obscure. *To be more thankful shall be my study; and my profit therein the heaping friendships.* That is, *I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.* JOHNSON.

*Friendships* is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices.* MALONE.



What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted,<sup>2</sup> he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

POL. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAM. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

POL. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle<sup>3</sup> that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we

<sup>2</sup> ——— *but I have, missingly, noted,*] *Missingly* noted means, I have observed him at *intervals*, not constantly or regularly, but occasionally. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *But, I fear the angle —*] Mr. Theobald reads, ——— *and I fear the engle.* JOHNSON.

*Angle* in this place means a *fishing-rod*, which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I*:

“ ——— he did win

“ The hearts of all that he did *angle* for.”

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“ She knew her distance, and did *angle* for me.”

STEEVENS.

So, in Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, 1591:

“ Thine *angle* is ready, when thine oar is idle; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which other buy in the market.” MALONE.



will, not appearing what we are, have some question <sup>4</sup> with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

POL. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [ *Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, <sup>5</sup> singing.*

*When daffodils begin to peer, <sup>6</sup>——*

*With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—*

*Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;*

*For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale. <sup>6</sup>*

<sup>4</sup> —— *some question* —— ] i. e. some talk. See Vol. VI. p. 89, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *Autolycus,* ] *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father;

“ *Non fuit Autolyçi tam piceata manus.* ” Martial.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *When daffodils begin to peer,——*  
and

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*] “ *Two nonsensical songs, by the rogue Autolycus,* ” says Dr. Burney.—But could not the many compliments paid by Shakspeare to musical science, intercede for a better epithet than *nonsensical*?

The Dr. subsequently observes, that “ *This Autolycus is the true ancient Minstrel, as described in the old Fabliaux.* ”



*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,<sup>7</sup>—  
 With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—  
 Doth set my pugging tooth<sup>8</sup> on edge;  
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

I believe that many of our readers will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our modern minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor Autolycus, are *pick-pockets* as well as fingers of *nonsensical* ballads. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*] This line has suffered a great variety of alterations, but I am persuaded the old reading is the true one. The first folio has "*the winter's pale*;" and the meaning is, the red, the *spring* blood now reigns o'er the parts lately under the dominion of winter. The *English pale*, the *Irish pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the *antithesis*.

FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnson, who rejected it. In *K. Henry V.* our author says:

"—— the English beach  
 " *Pales* in the flood," &c.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or sky inclips."

Holinshed, p. 528, calls Sir Richard Aston, "*Lieutenant of the English pale, for the earle of Summerfet.*" Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"How are we park'd, and bounded in a *pale*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The white sheet bleaching, &c.*] So, in the song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*, SPRING mentions as descriptive of that season, that then "*—— maidens bleach their summer smocks.*"

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> "*—— pugging tooth ——*" ] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*progging tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces; and a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers."

See to *prigge* in *Minsheu*. STEEVENS.



*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants.*<sup>9</sup>—  
*With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—*  
*Are summer songs for me and my aunts,*<sup>2</sup>  
*While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time,  
wore three-pile;<sup>3</sup> but now I am out of service:

<sup>9</sup> *The lark, that tirra-lirra chants.* ]

— — — — —  
La gentille alouette avec son *tire-lire*  
*Tire lire a lire & tire-lirant tire*  
Vers la voute du Ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu  
Vire & desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.  
*Du Bartas. Liv. 5. de sa première semaine.*  
Ecce suum *tirile tirile*: suum *tirile tractat.*

*Linnæi Fauna Suecica.*  
HOLT WHITE.

So, in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and their Flies*,  
1599:

“ Let Philomela sing, let Progne chide,  
“ Let *Tyry-tyry-leerers* upward flie—.”

In the margin the author explains *Tyryleerers* by its synonyme,  
*larks*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — my aunts, ] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant  
word for a *bawd*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick to*  
*catch the Old one*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being  
used in that sense:—“ It was better bellow'd upon his uncle than  
one of his *aunts*, I need not say *bawd*, for every one knows what  
*aunt* stands for in the last translation.” Again, in *Ram-alley*, or  
*Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ I never knew  
“ What fleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant,  
“ Till you preferr'd me to your *aunt* the lady:  
“ I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,  
“ No mercury, water, fucus, or perfumes  
“ To help a lady's breath, until your *aunt*  
“ Learn'd me the common trick.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: “ I'll call you one of  
my *aunts*, sister, that were as good as to call you arrant *whore*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — wore three-pile; ] i. e. rich velvet. So, in *Ram-alley* or  
*Merry Tricks*, 1611:



*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?  
 The pale moon shines by night:  
 And when I wander here and there,  
 I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,  
 And bear the sow-skin budget;  
 Then my account I well may give,  
 And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets; <sup>3</sup> when the kite builds, look

“ — and line them

“ With black, crimson, and tawny *three-pil'd velvet*.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Master *Tree-pile*, the mercer.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> My traffick is sheets; &c.] So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

“ Our fingers are lime twigs, and barbers we be,

“ To catch *sheets* from hedges most pleasant to see.”

Again, in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, &c. by Thomas Churchyard, 4to. no date, *Riotte* says

“ If any heere three ydle people needes,

“ Call us in time, for we are fine for *sheetes*:

“ Yea, for a shift, to steale them from the hedge,

“ And lay both *sheetes* and linnen all to gage.

“ We are best be gone, least some do heare alledge

“ We are but roages, and clappe us in the cage.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars Bush*:

“ To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the *sheet*.”

STEEVENS.

Autolycus means, that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

*When the kite builds, look to lesser linen.*] *Lesser linen* is an ancient term, for which our modern laundresses have substituted—*small clothes*. STEEVENS.

This passage, I find, is not generally understood. When the good women, in solitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miss any of their *lesser linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in spring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her nest; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpose. HOLT WHITE.



to leffer linen. My father named me, Autolycus; <sup>4</sup> who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; <sup>5</sup> and my revenue is the filly cheat: <sup>6</sup> Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: <sup>7</sup> beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

<sup>4</sup> ——— *My father nam'd me, Autolycus: &c.* ] Mr. Theobald says, the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from *his discourse on judicial astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. **WARBURTON.**

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakspeare, I have seen it, but it had no date. **STEEVENS.**

<sup>5</sup> ——— *With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison;* ] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress.

**PERCY.**

<sup>6</sup> ——— *my revenue is the filly cheat:* ] Silly is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as Bridewell or the gallows: I am contented with this humble and low way of life, as a *snapper-up of unconsidered trifles*. But the Oxford editor, who, by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all Shakspeare's humour, alters it to,—*the silly cheat*. **WARBURTON.**

The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coneycatching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *picking pockets*. **STEEVENS.**

<sup>7</sup> *Gallows, and knock, &c.* ] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the filly cheat and petty theft. **JOHNSON.**



*Enter Clown.*

CLOWN. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tods;<sup>7</sup> every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

AUT. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

CLOWN. I cannot do't without counters.<sup>8</sup> —Let [ *Aside.*

<sup>7</sup> — *tods*; ] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

I was led into an error concerning this passage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a substantive, but which is used ungrammatically as the third person singular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words—*every 'leven wether*. The same disregard of grammar is found in almost every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and should be preserved.

Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they say, "Twenty sheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning therefore of the clown's words is, "Every eleven whether *tods*; i. e. will produce a *tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool; every tod yields a pound and some odd shillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

The occupation of his father furnished our poet with accurate knowledge on this subject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a sheep at the time of shearing. About thirty shillings a *tod* is a high price at this day. It is singular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me, that there should be so little variation between the price of wool in Shakspeare's time and the present. — In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a *tod* of wool sold for nine shillings and six pence.

MALONE.

*Every 'leven wether tods*; ] This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a *tod*, or 28 lb. Each fleece would, therefore, be 2 lb. 8 oz. 11 1/2 dr. and the whole produce of *fifteen hundred shorn* 136 *tods*. 9 lb. 6 oz. 2 dr. which at *pound and odd shilling per tod* would yield L. 143 3 0. Our author was too familiar with the subject to be suspected of inaccuracy.

RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *without counters*. ] By the help of small circular pieces of base metal, all reckonings were anciently adjusted among the illiterate and vulgar. Thus Iago, in contempt of Cassio, calls him—*counter-caster*. See my note on *Othello*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.



me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?<sup>9</sup> *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*——What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all,<sup>2</sup> and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bates:<sup>3</sup> but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies;<sup>4</sup> *mace*,—*dates*,

<sup>9</sup> ——*sheep-shearing feast?*] The expence attending these festivities, appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus in *Questions of Profitable and Pleasant Concernings*, &c. 1594: “If it be a *sheep-shearing feast*, maister Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three sheapheard’s wages, spent on fresh cates, besides *spices* and *saffron* pottage.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——*three-man song-men all*,] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. A *six-man song* occurs in *The Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

So, in Heywood’s *King Edward IV.* 1626: “—— call Dudgeon and his fellows, we’ll have a *three-man song*.” Before the comedy of *The Gentle Craft, or the Shoemaker’s Holiday*, 1600, some of these *three-man songs* are printed. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——*means and bates*: Means are tenors.

So in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*:

“—— he can sing

“A mean most meauly.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——*warden pies*;] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. I believe the name is disused at present. It however afforded Ben Jonson room for a quibble in his masque of *Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

“A deputy tart, a church-warden pye.”

It appears from a passage in *Cupid’s Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that these pears were usually eaten roasted:

“I would have had him roasted like a warden,

“In brown paper.”

The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. STEEVENS.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, voce *Warden Tree*, [*Volemum*] says, *Volema autem pyra sunt prægrandia, ita quod impleant volam.*

REED.



—none ; that's out of my note : *nutmegs, seven ; a race, or two, of ginger ;—but that I may beg ;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun.*

AUT. O, that ever I was born !

*[Groveling on the ground.*

CLOWN. I'the name of me,<sup>5</sup>——

AUT. O, help me, help me ! pluck but off these rags ; and then, death, death !

CLOWN. Alack, poor soul ; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUT. O, fir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have receiv'd ; which are mighty ones, and millions.

CLOWN. Alas, poor man ! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

AUT. I am robb'd, fir, and beaten ; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

CLOWN. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man ?

AUT. A foot-man, sweet fir, a foot-man.

CLOWN. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee ; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee : come, lend me thy hand.

*[Helping him up.*

AUT. O ! good fir, tenderly, oh !

CLOWN. Alas, poor soul.

<sup>5</sup> *I'the name of me,*] This is a vulgar exclamation, which I have often heard used. So, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek :—" Before me, she's a good wench." STEEVENS.



AUT. O, good fir, softly, good fir: I fear, fir, my shoulder-blade is out.

CLOWN. How now? canst stand?

AUT. Softly, dear fir; [*picks his pocket.*] good fir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

CLOWN. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

AUT. No, goodsweet fir; no, I beseech you, fir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.<sup>6</sup>

CLOWN. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

AUT. A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:<sup>7</sup> I knew him once a

<sup>6</sup> ———*that kills my heart.*] So, in *K. Henry V.* Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says—"the king hath *kill'd his heart.*"

STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 260, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ———*with trol-my-dames:*] *Trou-Madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone Bathes*, he says: "The ladies, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme *troule in madame* is termed."

FARMER.

The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-house*. So, in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

"Three-pence I lost at nine-pins; but I got

"Six tokens towards that at *pigeon-holes*."

Again, in *A wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632: "What quicksands he finds out, as dice, cards, *pigeon-holes*." STEEVENS.



fervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

CLOWN. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.<sup>8</sup>

AUT. Vices I would say, fir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son,<sup>9</sup> and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

CLOWN. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig:<sup>2</sup> he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Mr. Steevens is perfectly accurate in his description of the game of *Trou-madame*, or *pigeon holes*. *Nine holes* is quite another thing; Thus:

o o o being so many holes made in the ground, into which  
o o o they are to bowl a pellet. I have seen both played  
o o o at. RITSON.

This game is mentioned by Drayton in the 14th song of his *Polyolbion*:

“At *nine-holes* on the heath while they together play.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *abide*.] To *abide*, here, must signify to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation. JOHNSON.

To *abide* is again used in *Macbeth*, in the sense of *tarrying for a while*:

“I'll call upon you straight; *abide* within.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— motion of the *prodigal son*.] i. e. the *puppet-show*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> — Prig, for my life, prig:] To *prig* is to *filch*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in *The Beggars Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar. WHALLEY.



AUT. Very true, fir ; he fir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

CLOWN. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

AUT. I must confess to you, fir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

CLOWN. How do you now ?

AUT. Sweet fir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

CLOWN. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

AUT. No, good-faced fir ; no, sweet fir.

CLOWN. Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

AUT. Prosper, you, sweet fir !—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue !<sup>3</sup>

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*<sup>4</sup>

*And merrily hent the stile-a :*<sup>5</sup>

*A merry heart goes all the day,*

*Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*]

<sup>3</sup> ———let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue !] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the show of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Jog on, jog on, &c.*] These lines are part of a catch printed in “ *an Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry catches, 1661,*” 4to. p. 69. REED.



## SCENE III.

*The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

FLO. These your unusual weeds to each part of  
you  
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shear-  
ing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes,<sup>6</sup> it not becomes me;  
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,  
The gracious mark o'the land,<sup>7</sup> you have obscur'd

<sup>5</sup> *And merrily hent the stile-a:]* To *hent* the stile, is to take hold of it. I was mistaken when I said in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. sc. ult. that the verb was—to *hend*. It is to *hent*, and comes from the Saxon *wentan*. So, in the old romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

“Some by the armes *hent* good Guy.”

Again:

“And some by the brydle him *hent*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. vii:

“Great labour fondly hast thou *hent* in hand.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— your extremes,] This is, your *excesses*, the *extravagance* of your praises. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, as Johnson supposes; but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obscuring himself “in a swain's wearing,” while he “prank'd her up most goddess-like.” The following words, *O pardon that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *The gracious mark o' the land,*] The object of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNSON.



With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddesslike prank'd up:<sup>8</sup> But that our feasts  
In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
Digest it<sup>9</sup> with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,  
To show myself a glass.<sup>2</sup>

So in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— prank'd up:] To *prank* is to dress with ostentation. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"For they do *prank* them in authority."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

I pray you go *prank* you." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Digest it—— ] The word *it* was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— sworn, I think,

To show myself a glass.] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and expresses all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty of the character. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly makes an easy sense, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the present reading. But concerning this passage I know not what to decide. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this passage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a transposition, which I would explain thus:

—— But that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders

Digest it with a custom, (sworn I think,)

To see you so attired, I should blush

To show myself a glass.

i. e.—But that our rustick feasts are in every part accompanied with absurdity of the same kind, which custom has authorized, (custom which one would think the guests had sworn to observe,) I should blush to present myself before a glass, which would show me my own person adorned in a manner so foreign to my humble state, or so much better habited than even that of my prince.

STEEVENS.



FLO. I blefs the time,  
When my good falcon made her flight acrofs  
Thy father's ground.<sup>2</sup>

PER. Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me, the difference forges dread;<sup>3</sup> your greatness  
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think, your father, by some accident,  
Should pals this way, as you did: O, the fates!

I think she means only to say, that the prince, by the *rustick* habit that he wears, seems as if he had sworn to shew her a glass, in which she might behold how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being "most goddess-like prank'd up." The passage quoted in p. 119, from *King Henry IV. P. II.* confirms this interpretation. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. VII. p. 244, a forester having given the princess a true representation of herself, she addresses him,—“Here, good my glass.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“—— I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself,  
That of yourself,” &c.

Again, more appositely, in *Hamlet*:

“—— he was indeed the glass,  
Wherein the noble youth did *dress* themselves.”

Florizel is here Perdita's glass. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*swoon*, instead of *sworn*. There is, in my opinion, no need of change; and the words “to *shew* myself” appear to me inconsistent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the similitude of the words *sworn* and *swoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *swoon* in the old copies of these plays is always written *sound* or *swound*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> When my good falcon made her flight acrofs

Thy father's ground.] This circumstance is likewise taken from the novel:—And at they returned, it fortun'd that Dorastus (who all that day had been *hawking*, and killed store of game,) encountered by the way these two maides.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> To me, the difference forges dread; ] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“The course of true love never did run smooth,  
“But either it was *different* in blood—.” M. MASON.



How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up?<sup>4</sup> What would he say? Or how  
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence?

FLO. Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love,<sup>5</sup> have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now: Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;  
Nor in a way<sup>6</sup> so chaste: since my desires

<sup>4</sup> — his work, so noble,  
*Vilely bound up?*] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind  
of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him  
with a metaphor, which rather than he would lose it, he has put  
with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Think-  
ing of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I  
am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

The allusion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"This precious *book of love*, this *unbound lover*,  
"To beautify him only lacks a *cover*."

Again:

"That book in many eyes doth share the glory,  
"That in *gold clasps* locks in the golden story."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — The gods themselves,  
*Humbling their deities to love,*] This is taken almost literally  
from the novel: "The Gods above disdain not to love women  
beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then  
Fawnia? One something inferior to these in birth, but far superior  
to them in beauty; born to be a shepherdess, but worthy to be a  
goddess." Again: "And yet, Dorastus, shame not thy shepherd's  
weed.—The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thought; Nep-  
tune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo, a shepherd: they gods,  
and yet in love;—thou a man, appointed to love." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Nor in a way—— Read:—Nor any way. RITSON.

*Nor in a way so chaste:*] It must be remembered that the trans-  
formations of Gods were generally for illicit amours; and conse-



Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

PER. O but, dear fir,<sup>7</sup>  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak; that you must change this  
purpose,  
Or I my life.

FLO. Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these forc'd thoughts,<sup>8</sup> I pr'ythee, darken not  
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's: for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

PER. O lady fortune.  
Stand you auspicious!

quently were not "in a way so chaste" as that of Florizel, whose object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

<sup>7</sup> O but, dear fir,] In the oldest copy the word — *dear*, is wanting. STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio reads — O but, *dear* fir; to complete the metre. But the addition is unnecessary; *burn* in the preceding hemistich being used as a dissyllable. Perdita in a former part of this scene addresses Florizel in the same respectful manner as here: "Sir, my precious lord," &c. I formerly, not adverting to what has been now stated, proposed to take the word *your* from the subsequent line; but no change is necessary. MALONE.

I follow the second folio, confessing my inability to read — *burn*, as a word of more than one syllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> With these forc'd thoughts,] That is, thoughts far-fetched, and not arising from the present objects. M. MASON.



*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

FLO. See, your guests approach;  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

SHEP. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,  
upon  
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;  
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,  
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;  
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire  
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o'the feast:<sup>9</sup> Come  
on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

PER. Welcome, sir! [*To POL.*  
It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostessship o'the day:—You're welcome, sir!  
[*To CAMILLO.*  
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend  
sirs,  
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep

<sup>9</sup> *That which you are, mistress o' the feast:]* From the novel:  
“It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all  
the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden  
as *mistress of the feast*.” MALONE.







There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating nature.<sup>3</sup>

POL. Say, there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race: This is an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but  
The art itself is nature.

PER. So it is.

POL. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,<sup>4</sup>  
And do not call them bastards.

<sup>3</sup> *There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating nature.* ] That is, as Mr. T. Warton observes, “There is an art which can produce flowers, with *as great a variety of colours* as nature herself.”

This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of some of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but, being utterly impracticable, is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — in gillyflowers, ] There is some further conceit relative to *gillyflowers* than has yet been discovered. The old copy, (in both instances where this word occurs,) reads—*Gillyvors*, a term still used by low people in Suffex, to denote a harlot. In *A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following passage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his mistress as they are going into a garden, and after she has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: “You have fair roses, have you not?” “Yes, sir, (says she,) but no *gillyflowers*.” Meaning, perhaps, that she would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I suppose *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly-flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to run from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the same variability in this species of flowers:



PER. I'll not put  
The dibble<sup>s</sup> in earth to set one slip of them:  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only there-  
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

PER. Out, alas!  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my  
fairest friend,  
I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall

“ ——— the fond carnation loves to shoot

“ Two various colours from one parent root.”

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, some sorts of gilliflowers are called *small honesties*, *cuckoo gilloses*, &c. And in *A. W.'s. Commendation of Gascoigne and his Posies*, is the following remark on this species of flower:

“ Some thinke that gilliflowers do yield a gelous smell.”

See Gascoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

The following line in *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1578, may add some support to the first part of Mr. Steevens's note:

“ Some jolly youth the gilly-flower esteemeth for his joy.”

MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> ——— dibble ———] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minshew*. STEEVENS.



From Dis's waggon! <sup>6</sup> daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, <sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon!] So, in Ovid's *Metam.* B. V:  
“ ——— ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora,  
“ *Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis.*” STEEVENS.

The whole passage is thus translated by Golding, 1587:

“ While in this garden *Proserpine* was taking her pastime,  
“ In gathering either *violets* blew, or *lillies* white as lime,—  
“ *Dis* spide her, lou'd her, caught hir up, and all at once well  
neere.—  
“ The ladie with a wailing voice *afright* did often call  
“ Hir mother—  
“ And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,  
“ By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her *flowers* went.”  
RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *violets* dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I suspect that our au-  
thor mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of blue eyes.  
Sweeter than an eye-lid is an odd image; but perhaps he uses *sweet*  
in the general sense, for *delightful*. JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extra-  
ordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of  
the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where  
he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes*. So, in Chaucer's *Troilus*  
and *Cresseide*, v. 1358:

“ This *Troilus* full oft her *eyin* two  
“ Gan for to kisse,” &c.

Again, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the pos-  
session of Mr. Strutt the engraver:

“ O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,  
“ But let me kisse thine eyes, my sweete delight.” p. 6. b.

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

——— *Βούπις πότνια* Ἥρη, Homer.

But (as Mr. M. Mason observes) “ we are not told that Pallas  
was the goddess of blue eye-lids; besides, as Shakspeare joins in the  
comparison, the breath of Cytherea with the eye-lids of Juno, it  
is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance  
of violets.” STEEVENS.



Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold <sup>8</sup>  
 Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, <sup>9</sup> and  
 The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

" — That eye was Juno's,  
 " Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,  
 " That virgin blush, Diana's."

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid*:

" Upon her eye-lids many graces fate,  
 " Under the shadow of her even brows."

*Faery Queen*, B. II. c. iii. st. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet*:

" When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear  
 " An hundred graces, as in shade they sit." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — pale primroses,

*That die unmarried, ere they can behold, &c.*] So, in *Pimlyco*,  
 or *Runne Red-Cap*, 1609:

" The pretty Dazie (eye of day)  
 " The *Prime-Rose* which doth first display  
 " Her youthful colours, and *first dies*:  
 " Beauty and Death are enemies."

Again, in Milton's *Lycidas*:

" — the rathe *primrose* that forsaken dies."

Mr. Warton, in a note on my last quotation, asks " But why does the Primrose die *unmarried*? Not because it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers; as in a state of solitude, and without society. Shakspeare's reason, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is such as I do not wish to understand. The true reason is, because it grows in the shade, uncherished or unseen by the sun, who was supposed to be in love with some sorts of flowers." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — bold oxlips, ] *Gold* is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer; the former editions have *bold*. JOHNSON.

The *old reading* is certainly the *true one*. The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his *Hist. of Northumberland*, says, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It should be confessed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of by other writers. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" — yellow oxlips bright as burnish'd gold."

See Vol. VII. p. 61, n. 2. STEEVENS.



The flower-de luce being one ! O these, I lack,  
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er.

FLO. What ? like a corse ?

PER. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;  
Not like a corse : or if, — not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms.<sup>2</sup> Come, take your  
flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitfun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

FLO. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;  
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own  
No other function: Each your doing,<sup>3</sup>  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens.

PER.

O Doricles,

\* — not to be buried,

But quick, and in mine arms. ] So, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*,  
1613:

" *Isab.* Heigh ho, you'll bury me, I see.

" *Rob.* In the swan's down, and tomb thee in my arms."

Again in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* : 1609:

" — O come, be buried

"A second time within these arms." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — Each your doing, &c. ] That is, your manner in each  
act crowns the act. JOHNSON.



Your praises are too large : but that your youth,  
 And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,<sup>4</sup>  
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;  
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
 You woo'd me the false way.

FLO. I think, you have  
 As little skill to fear,<sup>5</sup> as I have purpose  
 To put you to't. — But, come ; our dance, I pray ;  
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,  
 That never mean to part.

<sup>4</sup> ——— but that your youth.

*And the true blood which fairly peeps through it, ]* So Marlowe,  
 in his *Hero and Leander* :

“ Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,

“ With damaske eyes the ruby blood doth peep.”

The part of the poem that was written by Marlowe, was published, I believe in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a Collection of verses entitled *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the first two Sestiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I think, you have*

*As little skill to fear, ]* To have skill to do a thing was a phrase then in use equivalent to our *to have a reason to do a thing*. The Oxford editor, ignorant of this, alters it to :

*As little skill in fear.*

which has no kin old sense in this place. WARBURTON.

I cannot approve of Warburton's explanation of this passage, or believe that *to have a skill* to do a thing, ever meant, *to have reason* to do it ; of which, when he asserted it, he ought to have produced one example at least.

The fears of women, on such occasions, are generally owing to their experience. They fear, as they blush, because they understand. It is to this that Florizel alludes when he says, that Perdita had *little skill to fear*. — So Juliet says to Romeo :

“ But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

“ Than those who have more cunning to be strange.”

M. MASON.

You as little know how to fear that I am false, as, &c.

MALONE.



PER. I'll swear for 'em.<sup>6</sup>

POL. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does, or seems,  
But smacks of something greater than herself;  
Too noble for this place.

CAM. He tells her something,  
That makes her blood look out:<sup>7</sup> Good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

CLOWN. Come on, strike up.

DOR. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry,  
garlick,  
To mend her kissing with. —

MOP. Now in good time!

CLOWN. Not a word, a word; we stand<sup>8</sup> upon our  
manners. —

Come, strike up. [Musick.

<sup>6</sup> Per. *I'll swear for 'em*] I fancy this half line is placed to a  
wrong person. And that the king begins his speech aside:

Pol. *I'll swear for 'em,*

*This is the prettiest, &c.* JOHNSON.

We should doubtless read thus:

*I'll swear for one.*

i. e. I will answer or engage for myself. Some alteration is absolutely necessary. This seems the easiest, and the reply will then be perfectly becoming her character. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> *He tells her something.*

*That makes her blood look out:]* The meaning must be this. The prince tells her something *that calls the blood up into her cheeks, and makes her blush.* She, but a little before, uses a like expression to describe the prince's sincerity:

—your youth

*And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,*

*Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd.* THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—*look on't.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *we stand, &c.*] That is, we are now on our behaviour.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Master Stephens says—

"Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend."

STEEVENS.



*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

POL. Pray, good shepherd, what  
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter ?

SHEP. They call him Doricles ; and he boasts  
himself<sup>9</sup>

To have a worthy feeding :<sup>2</sup> but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;  
He looks like sooth :<sup>3</sup> He says, he loves my daughter ;

I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,  
I think, there is not half a kifs to choose,  
Who loves another best.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — — and *he boasts himself* — ] The old copy reads — *and boasts himself* ; which cannot, I think, be right. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote — *a boasts himself*.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — — — — — *a worthy feeding* : ] I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of pasturage not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is just. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf* :

" Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd

" To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd."

Again, in the sixth song of the *Polyolbion* :

" — — so much that do rely

" Upon their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility."

" A *worthy feeding*, (says Mr. M. Mason) Is a *valuable*, a *substantial* one. Thus Antonio, in *Twelfth Night* :

" But were my *worth*, as is my conscience, firm,

" You should find better dealing."

*Worth* here means *fortune* or *substance*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *He looks like sooth* : ] *Sooth* is truth. Obsolete. So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597 :

" Then dost dissemble, but I mean good *sooth*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Who loves another best*. ] Surely we should read — *Who loves the other best*. M. MASON.



POL. She dances featly.

SHEP. So she does any thing ; though I report it.  
That should be silent : if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

SER. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at  
the door, you would never dance again after a ta-  
bor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move  
you : he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell  
money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads,  
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

CLOWN. He could never come better : he shall  
come in : I love a ballad but even too well ; if it  
be doleful matter, merrily set down,<sup>5</sup> or a very  
pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

SER. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all  
sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with  
gloves :<sup>6</sup> he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ;  
so without bawdry ; which is strange ; with such  
delicate burdens of *dildo's*<sup>7</sup> and *fadings* :<sup>8</sup> *jump her*

<sup>5</sup> ——— doleful matter, merrily set down, ] This seems to be another  
stroke aimed at the title-page of Preston's *Cambyses*, " *A lamentable  
Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant Mirth*," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves : ] In the time  
of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was  
carried on by men. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— of dildo's — ] " With a hie *dildo* dill." is the burthen of  
the *Batchelors Feast*, an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the  
*Tune* of it. STEEVENS.

See also *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31 :

" A story strange I will you tell,

" But not so strange as true,

" Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,

" And so did her husband too ;



and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, flights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.<sup>9</sup>

POL. This is a brave fellow.

CLOWN. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?<sup>2</sup>

"With a *dildo, dildo, dildo*,

"With a *dildo, dildo, dee*." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *fadings*; ] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court*.

" — and daunth a *fading* at te wedding."

Again in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

"I will have him dance *fading*; *fading* is a fine jig."

TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

"But under her coats the ball be found. —"

"With a *fading*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 97th epigram:

"See you yond motion? not the old *fading*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Whoop, do me no harm good man*. ] This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad to the tune of, "*Oh! do me no harme, good man*." FARMER.

This tune is preserved in a collection intitled "*Ayres, to sing and play o the Lyte and Bass Violl. with Pavins, Galliards, Almainses, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl. By William Corbine*:" 1610. fol. RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *unbraided wares*? ] Surely we must read *braided*, for such are all the *wares* mentioned in the answer. JOHNSON.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing besides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlars. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribands, &c.* which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress: or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlars usually have not, to escape having out his money at all. The following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to suppose that there is here some



SER. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,<sup>2</sup> though they come to him by the gros; inkles, caddisses,<sup>3</sup> cambricks lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.<sup>4</sup>

allusion which I cannot explain: "—— She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London measure." STEEVENS.

*Unbraided wares* maybe wares of the best manufacture. *Braided* in Shakspeare's *All's Well*, &c. Act IV. sc. ii. signifies deceitful. *Braided* in Bailey's Dict. means *faded*, or having lost its color; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better sort? Several old statutes forbid the importation of ribands, laces, &c. as "falsely and deceitfully wrought."

TOLLET.

Probably *unbraided wares* means, "wares not ornamented with braid." M. MASON.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for something better than common, but for smooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares not twisted into braids? Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all answer to this description. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,] The points that afford Autolycus a subject for this quibble were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguillettes*. Fr. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——Caddisses, I do not exactly know what *caddisses* are. In Shirley's *Witty Fair one*. 1633, one of the characters says: —— "I will have eight velvet pages, and six footmen in *caddis*."

In *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* I have supposed *caddis* to be *ferret*. Perhaps by *six footmen in caddis*, is meant six footmen with their liveries laced with such a kind of worsted stuff. As this worsted lace was particoloured, it might have received its title from *cadefse*, the ancient name for a *Daw*. STEEVENS.

*Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow flight serge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*sleeve-band*. JOHNSON.



CLOWN. Pr'ythee, bring him in ; and let him approach singing.

PER. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

CLOWN. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sifter.

PER. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

The old reading is right, or we must alter some passages in other authors. The word *sleeve-hand* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea* 1770, Vol IV. p. 323 : " A furcoat [ of crimson velvet ] furred with mynever pure, the collar, skirts, and *sleeve-hands* garnished with ribbons of gold. " So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemise.*" is Englished, " the wristband, or gathering at the *sleeve-band* of a shirt. " Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 293, king James's " shirt was broded with thred of gold, " and in p. 341, the word *sleeve-band* occurs, and seems to signify the cuffs of a furcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a smock. I conceive, that the word above the *square on't*, signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons. So, in Fairfax's translation of *Tasso*, B. XII. st. 64 :

" Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives,  
" Her curious *square*, embols'd with swelling gold."

I should have taken the *square* for a gorget or stomacher, but for this passage in Shakspeare. TOLLET.

The following passage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewise tend to the support of the ancient reading—*sleeve-hand*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he says :

" Their smockes are all bewrought about the necke and  
hande. " STEEVENS.

The word *sleeve-hand* is likewise used by P. Holland, in his Translation of Suetonius, 1606. p. 19 : " — in his apparel he was noted for singularity, as who used to goe in his senatour's purple studded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *sleeve-hand*. "

MALONE.



*Enter* AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;  
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces, and for noses;  
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,<sup>5</sup>  
Perfume for a lady's chamber:  
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,<sup>6</sup>  
What maids lack from head to heel:  
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:  
Come, buy, &c.*

<sup>5</sup> ——— *necklace-amber,*] Place only a comma after *amber*. "Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, A& IV. sc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads," &c. Milton alludes to the fragrance of *amber*. See *Sams. Agon.* v. 720:

"An *amber* scent of odorous perfume,

"Her harbinger." T. WARTON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *poking-sticks of steel,*] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, is the following instance:—"There is such a deale of pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth them all:" and, again, "if you should chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form," &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602: "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands."

These *poking-sticks* are several times mentioned in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, second part; and in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakspeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July 1590, was entered "A ballat entitled *Blewe Starche and Poking-sticks*. Allowed under the hand of the Bishop of London."



CLOWN. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

MOP. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

DOR. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

MOP. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

CLOWN. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,<sup>7</sup> to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues,<sup>8</sup> and not a word more.

Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of Steele *poking-sticks*; and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." See Vol. VI. p. 312. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — kiln-hole,] The mouth of the oven. The word is spelt in the old copy *kill-hole*, and I should have supposed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* desires Falstaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole*;" and there the same false spelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. MALONE.

*Kiln-hole* is the place into which coals are put under a stove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *stoking-hole*, is part of the office of female servants in farm-houses. *Kiln*, at least in England, is not a synonyme to *oven*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — Clamour your tongues,] The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before: this is called *clamouring* them. The allusion is humorous. WARBURTON.



MOP. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.<sup>9</sup>

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not signify in Shakspeare a ceasing, but a continued ringing. Thus used in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act V. sc. ii:

Ben. — “ If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb e’er he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. “ And how long is that, think you?

Ben. “ Question? why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum.” GREY.

Perhaps the meaning is, Give one grand peal, and then have done. “ A good Clam” (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I suspect that Dr. Warburton’s is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnson says, that “ to clam a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound.” If this be so, it affords an easy interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE,

Admitting this to be the sense, the disputed phrase may answer to the modern one of—*ringing a dumb peal*, i. e. with *muffled* bells. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — you promised me a tawdry lace,] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henshawe: “ *Tawdrie lace*, astrigmenta, timbriæ, seu fasciolæ, emtæ Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe.” Etymol. in voce. We find it in Spenser’s *Pastorals*, Aprill:

“ And gird in your waist,

“ For more fineness, with a *tawdrie lace*.” T. WARTON.

So, in *The life and Death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

“ Will you in faith, and I’ll give you a *tawdrie lace*.”

Tom, the miller, offers this present to the queen, if she will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to observe, that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in *The Four P’s*, 1569:

“ Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,

“ Laces round and flat for women’s heads.”

Again, in Drayton’s *Polyolbion*, song the second:

“ Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make

“ Them *tawdries* for their necks.”



CLOWN. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

AUT. And, indeed, fir, there are cozeners abroad: therefore it behoves men to be wary.

CLOWN. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

AUT. I hope so, fir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

In a marginal note it is observed that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Again, in the fourth song:

“ — not the smallest beck,

“ But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck.”

STEEVENS.

“ — a pair of sweet gloves.] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale:

“ *Gloves as sweet as damask roses.*”

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not “ make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of culled filke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume.*” Stowe's *Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868. col. 2.

In the *computus* of the bursars of Trinity college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: “ *Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*” Gloves makes a constant and considerable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college-tenants, and often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least, from accompts of the said college in preceding years) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse soon after the reign of Charles the First. T. WARTON.



CLOWN. What hast here? ballads?

MOP. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life;<sup>2</sup> for then we are fure they are true.

AUT. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

MOP. Is it true, think you?

AUT. Very true; and but a month old.

DOR. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUT. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?<sup>3</sup>

MOP. 'Pray you now, buy it.

CLOWN. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

<sup>2</sup> *I love a ballad in print, a'-life;*] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed, — *or a life*. The text, however, is right; only it should be printed thus: — *a'-life*. So, it is in Ben Jonson:

“ — thou *lov'st a'-life*

“ Their perfum'd judgment.”

It is the abbreviation, I suppose, of — *at life*; as *a'-work* is, of *at work*. TYRWHITT.

This restoration is certainly proper. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606: “Now in good deed I love them *a'-life* too.” Again, in a *Trick to catch the Old One*, 1619: “I love that sport *a'-life*, i'faith.” *A-life* is the reading of the eldest copies of *The Winter's Tale*, viz. fol. 1623, and 1632. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Why should I carry lies abroad?*] Perhaps Shakspeare remembered the following lines, which are found in Golding's Translation of Ovid, 1587, in the same page in which he read the story of Baucis and Philemon, to which he has alluded in *Much ado about Nothing*. They conclude the tale:

“ These things did ancient men report of credite very good,

“ For why, there was no cause that they should lie. As I there stood,” &c. MALONE.



AUT. Here's another ballad, Of a fish,<sup>3</sup> that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh<sup>4</sup> with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

DOR. Is it true too, think you?

AUT. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

CLOWN. Lay it by too: Another.

AUT. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

MOP. Let's have some merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a ballad, Of a fish, &c.*] Perhaps in later times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions,) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play:——“Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to express it.” STEEVENS.

— *Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, — it was thought, she was a woman,*] In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, “A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist upward, scene in the sea.” To this it is highly probable that Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

See *The Tempest*, Vol. IV. p. 77, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *for she would not exchange flesh —*] i. e. because. REED.  
So, in *Othello*: “Haply, *for I am black.*” MALONE.



MOP. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part,  
thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis  
my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.]

A. *Get you hence, for I must go:  
Where, it fits not you to know.*

D. *Whither?* M. *O, whither?* D. *Whither?*

M. *It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell:*

D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*

D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*

D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

*Then, whither go'st? say, whither?*

CLOWN. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad<sup>5</sup> talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

<sup>5</sup> —sad—] For serious. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about nothing*:—"hand in hand, in sad conference." STEEVENS.



AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*]

*Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
Come to the pedler;  
Money's a medler,  
That doth utter all men's ware-a.*<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and  
MOPSA.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

SER. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds; three neat-herds, three swine-herds,<sup>7</sup> that have

<sup>6</sup> *That doth utter all men's ware-a.*] To utter. To bring out, or produce. JOHNSON.

To utter is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and acts of Parliament, and signifies to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21 Jac. I. c. 3. declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation "concerning the licensing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or selling, uttering, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spent in the mansion-house of the party so selling or uttering the same."

REED.

See Minshew's DICT. 1617: "An utterance, or sale." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds,*] Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two speeches after this, these are called *four threes of herdsmen*. But could the *carters* properly be called *herdsmen*? At least, they have not the final syllable, *herd*, in their names; which, I believe, Shakspeare intended all the *four threes* should have. I therefore guess he wrote: — *Master, there are three goat-herds, &c.* And so, I think, we take in the *four species* of cattle usually tended by *herdsmen*. THEOBALD.



made themselves all men of hair; <sup>8</sup> they call them-

\* ——— *all men of hair*;] *Men of hair*, are *hairy men* or *satyrs*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

*Melvil's Memoirs*, p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional testimony to the prevalence of this species of mummery:

“ During their abode [that of the ambassadors who assembled to congratulate Marry Queen of Scots on the birth of her son] at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great grudge among the Englishmen: For a Frenchman called Bastian devised a number of men formed like *satyrs*, with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with musicians clothed like maids, singing, and playing upon all sorts of instruments. But the *satyrs* were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in such sort, as the Englishmen supposed it had been devised and done in derision of them; weakly apprehending that which they should not have appeared to understand. For. Mr. Hatton, Mr. Lignish and the most part of the gentlemen desired to sup before the queen and great banquet, that they might see the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph: but so soon as they perceived the *satyrs* wagging their tails, they all sat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the table, that they might not see themselves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton said unto me, if it were not in the queen's presence, he would put a dagger to the heart of that French knave Bastian, who he alledged had done it out of despight that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen.” REED.

The following copy of an illumination in a fine Ms. of Froissart's Chronicle preserved in the British Museum, will serve to illustrate Dr. Johnson's note, and to convey some idea, not only of the manner in which these *hairy men* were habited, but also of the rude simplicity of an ancient Ball-room and Masquerade. See the story at large in Froissart, B. IV. chap. lii. edit. 1559. DOWCE.







felves faltiers :<sup>8</sup> and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry<sup>9</sup> of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,<sup>2</sup>) it will please plentifully.

SHEP. Away ! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already :—I know, fir, we weary you.

POL. You weary those that refresh us : Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

SER. One three of them, by their own report, fir, hath danced before the king ; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.<sup>3</sup>

SHEP. Leave your prating ; since these good men are pleased, let them come in but quickly now.

SER. Why, they stay at door, fir. [Exit.

<sup>8</sup> ———they call themselves faltiers :] He means *Satyrs*. Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lope de Rueda, "all the furniture and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jerkins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four pastoral crooks ;—little more or less." Probably a similar shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ———gallimaufry ———] Cockeram, in his *Dictionary of hard words*, 12mo. 1622, says, a gallimaufry is "a confused heape of things together." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ———bowling,] Bowling, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion, without great exertion of agility.

JOHNSON.

The allusion is not to a smooth dance, as Johnson supposes, but to the smoothness of a bowling green. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — by the squire.] i. e. by the foot-rule : *Esquierre*, Fr.

See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. VII. p. 344, n. 9. MALONE.



*Re-enter* Servant, with twelve rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

POL. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.<sup>2</sup>—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd The pedler's filken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him: If your lasfs Interpretation should abuse; and call this, Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited<sup>3</sup> For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

FLO. Old fir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient fir, who, it should seem,<sup>4</sup> Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

<sup>2</sup> Pol. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the king in answer to the shepherd's saying, *since these good men are pleased.* WARBURTON.

The dance which has intervened would take up too much time to preserve any connexion between the two speeches. The line spoken by the king seems to be in reply to some unexpressed question from the old shepherd. RITSON.

This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *straited*——] i. e. put to difficulties. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *who, it should seem,*] Old Copy—*whom.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,<sup>5</sup>  
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

POL. What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—  
But, to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

FLO. Do, and be witness to't.

POL. And this my neighbour too?

FLO. And he, and more  
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:  
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-  
ledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,  
Without her love: for her, employ them all;  
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
Or to their own perdition.

POL. Fairly offer'd.

CAM. This shows a sound affection.

SHEP. But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

PER. I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

<sup>5</sup> ————— or the fann'd snow,] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

“ Fann'd by the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

“ When thou hold'st up thy hand.” STEEVENS.



SHEP. Take hands, a bargain ;——  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

FLO. O, that must be  
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

SHEP. Come, your hand ;—  
And, daughter, yours.

POL. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you ;  
Have you a father ?

FLO. I have : But what of him ?

POL. Knows he of this ?

FLO. He neither does, nor shall.

POL. Methinks, a father  
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs ? is he not stupid  
With age, and altering rheums ?<sup>6</sup> Can he speak ?  
hear ?

Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> —— *altering rheums* ?] Rowe has transplanted this phrase into his *Jane Shore*, A& II. sc. i.

“ —— when *altering rheums*

“ Have stain'd the lustre of thy starry eyes,” ——

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— *dispute his own estate* ?] Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *compute* ; but *dispute his estate* may be the same with *talk over his affairs*. JOHNSON.

The same phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate*.” STEEVENS.

Does not this allude to the next heir suing for the estate in cases of imbecillity, lunacy, &c. ? CHAMIER.



Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,  
But what he did being childish?

FLO. No, good sir;  
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,  
Than most have of his age.

POL. By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: Reason, my son  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,  
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

FLO. I yield all this;  
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

POL. Let him know't.

FLO. He shall not.

POL. Pr'ythee, let him.

FLO. No, he must not.

SHEP. Let him, my son; he shall not need to  
grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

FLO. Come, come he must not:—  
Mark our contract.

POL. Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[ *Discovering himself.* ]  
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,  
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

It probably means—"Can he assert and vindicate his right to  
his own property?" M. MASON.



Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force,<sup>5</sup> must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

SHEP.

O, my heart!

POL. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,  
and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—  
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,  
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never<sup>6</sup>  
I mean thou shalt.) we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,  
Far than<sup>7</sup> Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;  
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-  
ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body<sup>8</sup> more with thy embraces,

<sup>5</sup> — who, of force,] Old Copy—*whom*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never—The old copy reads, with absurd redundancy:

“That thou no more shalt *never* see,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Far than—] I think for *far than* we should read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion the common ancestor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Glossaries* to Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into *ferre*,

“But er I bere thee moch *ferre*.” *H. of Fa.* B. II. v. 92.

“Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*.”

*Knight's Tale*, 2062. TYRWHITT.

<sup>8</sup> Or hoop his body—] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

PER. Even here undone!  
I was not much afeard: <sup>9</sup> for once, or twice,  
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,  
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike. <sup>2</sup>—Wilt please you, sir, be gone?  
[To FLORIZEL.

<sup>9</sup> *I was not much afeard: &c.*] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,  
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.*] So, in *Nosce Teipsum*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:

“Thou, like the sunne, dost with indifferent ray,

“Into the palace and the cottage shine.”

Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:

“The sunne on rich and poor alike doth shine.”

*Looks on alike* is sense, and is supported by a passage in *King Henry VIII*:

“——No, my lord,

“You know no more than others, but you blame

“Things that are known alike.”

i. e. that are known alike by all.

To *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression, which, though now unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“He is my prize; I will not look upon.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI. P. III*:

“Why stand we here—

“And look upon, as if the tragedy

“Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors.” MALONE.

To *look upon*, in more modern phrase, is to look on, i. e. to be a mere idle spectator. In this sense it is employed in the two preceding instances. STEEVENS.

——*the selfsame sun, &c.*] “For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good.” St. Matthew, v. 45. DOUCE.



I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

CAM. Why, how now, father?  
Speak, ere thou die'st.

SHEP. I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, fir,  
[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,<sup>2</sup>  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
Where no priest shovels-in dust.<sup>3</sup>—O cursed wretch!  
[To PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st ad-  
venture

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!  
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd  
To die when I desire.<sup>4</sup> [Exit.

FLO. Why look you so upon me?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *You have undone a man of fourscore three, &c.*] These sentiments, which the poet has heighten'd by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here supported, by showing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Where no priest shovels-in dust.*] This part of the *priest's* office might be remembered in Shakspeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That is—in pronouncing the words *earth to earth, &c.*

HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> *If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd  
To die when I desire.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Had I but died an hour before this chance,

“I had liv'd a blessed time.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Why look you so upon me?*] Perhaps the two last words should be omitted. STEEVENS.



I am but forry, not afeard; delay'd,  
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:  
More straining on, for plucking back; not following  
My leafh unwillingly.

CAM. Gracious my lord,  
You know your father's temper:<sup>6</sup> at this time  
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,  
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly  
Will he endure your fight as yet, I fear:  
Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,  
Come not before him.

FLO. I not purpose it.  
I think, Camillo.

CAM. Even he, my lord.

PER. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?  
How often said, my dignity would last  
But till 'twere known?

FLO. It cannot fail, but by  
The violation of my faith; And then  
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,  
And mar the seeds within!<sup>7</sup>—Lift up thy looks:<sup>8</sup>—  
From my succession wipe me, father! I  
Am heir to my affection.

CAM. Be advis'd.

FLO. I am; and by my fancy:<sup>9</sup> if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

<sup>6</sup> *You know your father's temper:]* The old copy reads—*my father's*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And mar the seeds within!]* So, in *Macbeth*:

“And nature's germins tumble all together.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *Lift up thy looks:]* “*Lift up the light of thy countenance.*” Psalm, iv. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— *and by my fancy:]* It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Fair Helena in *fancy* following me.”

See Vol. VII. p. 132, n. 6. STEEVENS.



If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

CAM. This is desperate, sir.

FLO. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun fees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,  
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,  
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
And so deliver.—I am put to sea  
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And, most opportune to our need,<sup>8</sup> I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
For this design. What course I mean to hold,  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O, my lord,  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

FLO. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*  
I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

CAM. He's irremovable,  
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn;  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;

<sup>7</sup> —whom *here*—] Old Copy—*who*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And, most opportune to our need,*] The old copy has—*her need*. This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.



Purchase the fight again of dear Sicilia,  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

FLO. Now, good Camillo,  
I am so fraught with curious business, that  
I leave out ceremony. [Going.

CAM. Sir, I think,  
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love  
That I have borne your father?

FLO. Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,  
To speak your deeds; not little of his care  
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

CAM. Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king;  
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction.  
(If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,  
As heavens forefend! your ruin :) marry her;  
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)  
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking.<sup>9</sup>

FLO. How, Camillo,

<sup>9</sup> *And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,) Your discontenting father strive to qualify, And bring him up to liking.]* And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to soften your incensed father, and reconcile him to the match; to effect which, my best services shall not be wanting during your absence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or necessity, reads—I'll strive to qualify;—which has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

*Discontenting* is in our author's language the same as *discontented*.  
MALONE.



May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
That I may call thee something more than man,  
And, after that, trust to thee.

CAM. Have you thought on  
A place, whereto you'll go?

FLO. Not any yet:  
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do; <sup>9</sup> so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance,<sup>2</sup> and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

CAM. Then list to me:  
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,  
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;  
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,  
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;  
She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son,<sup>3</sup> forgiveness,  
As 'twere i' the father's person: kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him

<sup>9</sup> *But as the unthought on accident is guilty*

*To what we wildly do;*] *Guilty to*, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare: and this is one of those passages that should caution us not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. ii:

“But lest myself be *guilty to* self-wrong,

“I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.”

MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *Ourselves to be the slaves of chance,*] As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *asks thee, the son,*] The old copy reads—*thee there son*. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—(as Mr. Ritson observes)

“*Asks there the son forgiveness,*”—STEEVENS.







Nothing so certain, as your anchors; who  
Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,  
Prosperity's the very bond of love;  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

PER. One of these is true:  
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.<sup>5</sup>

CAM. Yea, say you so?  
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven  
years,  
Be born another such.

FLO. My good Camillo,  
She is as forward of her breeding, as  
I'the rear of birth.<sup>6</sup>

CAM. I cannot say, 'tis pity  
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

PER. Your pardon, sir, for this;  
I'll blush you thanks.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *But not take in the mind.*] To take in anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“He could so quickly cut th' Ionian seas,  
“And take in Toryne.”

Mr. Henley, however, supposes that to take in, in the present instance, is simply to include or comprehend. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ———*i'the rear of birth.*] Old copy—*i'th'rear our birth.* Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The two redundant words in this line, *She is*, ought perhaps to be omitted. I suspect that they were introduced by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line.

MALONE.

These unnecessary words are here omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Your pardon, sir, for this;*

*I'll blush you thanks.*] Perhaps this passage should be rather pointed thus:

Your pardon, sir; for this  
I'll blush you thanks. MALONE.



FLO. My prettiest Perdita. — —  
 But, O, the thorns we stand upon! — Camillo, —  
 Preserver of my father, now of me;  
 The medicin of our house! — how shall we do?  
 We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;  
 Nor shall appear in Sicily — —

CAM. My lord,  
 Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes  
 Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
 To have you royally appointed, as if  
 The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,  
 That you may know you shall not want, — one word.  
 [ *They talk aside.*

*Enter* AUTOLYCUS.

AUT. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust,  
 his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have  
 sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not  
 a riband, glass, pomander,<sup>8</sup> brooch, table-book,  
 ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-

<sup>8</sup> ————— pomander] A *pomander* was a little ball made of  
 perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent  
 infection in times of plague. In a tract, intitled, *Certain necessary*  
*Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing infection,*  
 printed 1636, there are directions for making two sorts of *poman-*  
*ders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. GREY.

In *Lingua*, or a *Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607, is the follow-  
 ing receipt given, A& IV. sc. iii:

"Your only way to make a good *pomander* is this. Take an  
 ounce of the purest garden mould, cleans'd and steep'd seven days  
 in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum,  
 benjoin, both storaxes, amber-gris and civet and musk. Incorpo-  
 rate them together, and work them into what form you please.  
 This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as  
 sweet as my lady's dog."

The speaker represents Odor. STEEVENS.



ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,<sup>9</sup> and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears:<sup>2</sup> you might have pinch'd a placket,<sup>3</sup> it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a hubbub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

Other receipts for making *pomander* may be found in "Plat's Delightes for ladies to adorne their persons, &c. 1611," and in "The accomplisht Lady's Delight, 1675." They all differ.

DOUCE.

<sup>9</sup> — as if my trinkets had been hallowed,] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — all their other senses stuck in ears: ] Read—"stuck in their ears." M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — a placket,] *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively used, as perhaps in *King Lear*: "Keep thy hand out of *plackets*." This subject, however, may receive further illustration from *Skialetheia*, a collection of epigrams, &c. 1598. Epig. 32:

"Wanton young Lais hath a pretty note

"Whose burthen is — *Pinch not my petticoate*:

"Not that she feares close nips, for by the rood,

"A privy pleasing nip will cheare her blood:

"But she which longs to tast of pleasure's cup,

"In nipping would her petticoate weare up." STEEVENS.



[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA, *come forward.*

CAM. Nay, but my letters by this means being  
there

So foon as you arrive, fhall clear that doubt.

FLO. And those that you'll procure from king  
Leontes.——

CAM. Shall satisfy your father.

PER. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shows fair.

CAM. Who have we here?—

[ *Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.

We'll make an instrument of this ; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

AUT. If they have overheard me now,——why hanging. [ *Aside.*

CAM. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou  
so? Fear not man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAM. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.<sup>4</sup>

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. [ *Aside.*

CAM. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman  
is half flay'd already. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— boot. ] That is, *something over and above*, or, as we now say, *something to boot*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— it half flay'd already. ] I suppose Camillo means to say no more, than that Florizel is half *stripped* already. MALONE.



AUT. Are you in earnest, fir? — I smell the trick of it. — [ *Aside.*

FLO. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

AUT. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[ FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy  
Come home to you! — you must retire yourself  
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,  
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;  
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliking  
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,  
(For I do fear eyes over you,<sup>4</sup>) to shipboard  
Get undescried.

PER. I see, the play so lies,  
That I must bear a part.

CAM. No remedy. —  
Have you done there?

FLO. Should I now meet my father,  
He would not call me son.

CAM. Nay, you shall have  
No hat: — Come, lady, come. — Farewell, my friend.

AUT. Adieu, fir.

FLO. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?  
Pray you, a word. [ *They converse apart.*

CAM. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king  
[ *Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;  
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,  
To force him after: in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia; for whose fight

<sup>4</sup> — over you,] *You*, which seems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



I have a woman's longing.

FLO. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAM. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.

AUT. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:<sup>5</sup> I hold it the more knavery to

<sup>5</sup> — If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:] The old copy reads—If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't. See the following note. STEEVENS.

The reasoning of Autolycus is obscure, because something is suppressed. The prince, says he, is about a bad action, he is stealing away from his father: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, because that would be inconsistent with my profession of a knave; but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with respect to the prince, and therefore I might, consistently with my character, reveal that matter to the king, though a piece of honesty to him: however, I hold it a greater knavery to conceal the prince's scheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore, in concealing it, I am still constant to my profession.—Sir T. Hanmer and all the subsequent editors read—If I thought it were not a piece of honesty, &c. I would do it: but words seldom stray from their places in so extraordinary a manner at the press: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. MALONE.

I have left Sir T. Hanmer's reading in the text, because, in my opinion, our author, who wrote merely for the stage, must have



conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Afide, afide;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

CLOWN. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEP. Nay, but hear me.

CLOWN. Nay, but hear me.

SHEP. Go to then.

CLOWN. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

SHEP. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

CLOWN. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.<sup>6</sup>

designed to render himself intelligible without the aid of so long an explanatory clause as Mr. Malone's interpretation demands.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.] I suspect that a word was omitted at the press. We might, I think, safely read—by I know *not* how much an ounce. Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the same emendation.

MALONE.



AUT. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*]

SHEP. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

AUT. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLOWN. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

AUT. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.<sup>7</sup>—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

SHEP. To the palace, an it like your worship.

AUT. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,<sup>8</sup> breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

CLOWN. We are but plain fellows, fir.

AUT. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us foldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *pedler's excrement.*] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

So, in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“ Whose chin bears no impression of manhood,

“ Not a hair, not an *excrement.*”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ ——— dally with my *excrement*, with my mustachio.”

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*: “ Why is Time such a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an *excrement*?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *of what having,*] i. e. estate, property. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ The gentleman is of no *having.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *therefore they do not give us the lie.*] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie, they *sell* it us. JOHNSON.



CLOWN. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.<sup>9</sup>

SHEP. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

AUT. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier, See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?<sup>2</sup> receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze<sup>3</sup> from

<sup>9</sup> ——— *with the manner.* ] In the fact. See Vol. VII. p. 193, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?* ] i. e. the stately tread of courtiers. See *Much ado about nothing*, Vol. VI. p. 252: "—— the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure*, full of *state* and ancientry." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *insinuate, or toze* ——— ] The first folio reads — *at toaze*; the second — *or toaze*; Mr. Malone — *and toze*.

To *tease*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*, without such a comment on it. STEEVENS.

To *insinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" With death she humbly doth *insinuate*,  
" Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,  
" His victories, his triumphs, and his glories."

The word *toaze* is used in *Measure for Measure*, in the same sense as here:

" ——— We'll *toaze* you joint by joint,  
" But we will know this purpose."

To *touse*, says Minshieu, is, to pull, to tug. MALONE.

To *insinuate*, and to *tease*, or *toaze*, are opposites. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense:

" ——— close the serpent fly  
" *Insinuating*, wove with Gordian twine  
" His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
" Gave proof unheeded." — *Par. Lost*. B. IV. l. 347.



thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

SHEP. My business, sir, is to the king.

AUT. What advocate hast thou to him?

SHEP. I know not, an't like you.

CLOWN. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;<sup>4</sup> say, you have none.

SHEP. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

AUT. How blest'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are; Therefore I'll not disdain.

CLOWN. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

CLOWN. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.<sup>5</sup>

AUT. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

" ——— coarse complexions,

" And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply

" The sampler, and to teaze the housewife's wool."

*Comus*, l. 749. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> Advocate's *the court-word for a pheasant*;] As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— a great man,—by the picking on's teeth.] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So, the Bastard, in *King John*, speaking of the traveller, says:

" He and his pick-tooth at my worship's mess." JOHNSON.



SHEP. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

AUT. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEP. Why, sir?

AUT. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

SHEP. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

AUT. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

CLOWN. Think you so, sir?

AUT. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

CLOWN. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

AUT. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey,<sup>5</sup> set on the head

<sup>5</sup> ——— *then, 'nointed over with honey, &c.*] A punishment of this sort is recorded in a book which Shakspeare might have seen:—  
“ he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him



of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,<sup>6</sup> shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd, at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered,<sup>7</sup> I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

CLOWN. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose

naked to enter into it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on hym; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life." *The Stage of popish Toyes*, 1518, p. 33.  
REED.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *the hottest day prognostication proclaims,*] That is, *the hottest day foretold in the almanack.* JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakspeare's time published under this title. "An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God, 1595," See Herbert's *Typograph.* *Antiq.* II. 1029.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *being something gently considered,*] Means, *I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c.* So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"———sure, sir, I'll consider it hereafter if I can.

"What, consider me? dost thou think that I am a bribe-taker?"

Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1633: "Thou shalt be well considered, there's twenty crowns in earnest." STEEVENS.



with gold : shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado : Remember, stoned, and flay'd alive.

SHEP. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us; here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

AUT. After I have done what I promised?

SHEP. Ay, sir.

AUT. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

CLOWN. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

AUT. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

CLOWN. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange fights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

AUT. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

CLOWN. We are blest'd in this man, as I may say, even blest'd.

SHEP. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

AUT. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good;



which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shrow them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [Exit,

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A C T V. S C E N E I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

*Enter* LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.

CLEO. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you havenot redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,  
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;  
With them, forgive yourself.

LEON. Whilst I remember  
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them; and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and  
Destroy'd the sweetest companion, that e'er man



Bred his hopes out of.

PAUL. True, too true, my lord :<sup>8</sup>  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or, from the all that are, took something good,<sup>9</sup>  
To make a perfect woman ; she you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

LEON. I think so. Kill'd !  
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strikest me  
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : Now, good  
now,  
Say so but seldom.

CLEO. Not at all, good lady :  
You might have spoken a thousand things, that  
would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

PAUL. You are one of those,  
Would have him wed again.

DION. If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little,  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,

<sup>8</sup> True, too true, my lord :] In former editions :  
*Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of, true.*

Paul. *Too true, my lord :*

A very slight examination will convince every intelligent reader,  
that *true*, here has jumped out of its place in all the editions.

THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> Or, from the all that are, took something good,] This is a favourite  
thought ; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before.

JOHNSON.







I know, in honour,—O, that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! then, even now,  
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;  
Have taken treasure from her lips,——

PAUL. And left them  
More rich, for what they yielded.

LEON. Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one worse,  
And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit  
Again possess her corps ; and, on this stage,  
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,  
Begin, *And why to me?*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> (*Where we offenders now appear,*) *soul-vex'd,*  
*Begin, And why to me?* | The old copy reads—*And begin,*  
*why to me?* The transposition now adopted was proposed by Mr.  
Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads:

—— and on this stage

(*Where we offend her now*) appear soul-vex'd, &c.

Mr. Heath would read—(*Were we offenders now*) appear, &c.  
“ ——that is, if we should now at last so far offend her.” Mr.  
M. Mason thinks that the second line should be printed thus:

And begin, why? to me,

“ that is, begin to call me to account.”

There is so much harsh and involved construction in this play,  
that I am not sure but the old copy, perplexed as the sentence may  
appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus:

Again possess her corps, (and on this stage

Where we offenders now appear soul-vex'd,)

And begin, *why to me?*

Why to me—*did you prefer one less worthy*, Leontes insinuates would  
be the purport of Hermione's speech. There is, I think, something  
awkward in the phrase—Where we offenders now *appear*. By  
removing the parenthesis, which in the old copy is placed after  
*appear*, to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *soul-vex'd*  
to Leontes and the rest who mourned the loss of Hermione, that  
difficulty is obviated. MALONE.

To countenance my transposition, be it observed, that the blun-  
ders occasioned by the printers of the first folio are so numerous,  
that it should seem, when a word dropp'd out of their press, they  
were careless into which line they inserted it. STEEVENS.



PAUL. Had she such power,  
She had just cause.<sup>4</sup>

LEON. She had; and would incense me<sup>5</sup>  
To murder her I married.

PAUL. I should so:  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't  
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Shou'd rift<sup>6</sup> to hear me; and the words that follow'd  
Should be, *Remember mine.*

LEON. Stars, very stars,<sup>7</sup>

I believe no change is necessary. If, instead of being repeated, the word *appear* be understood, as, by an obvious ellipsis, it may, the sense will be sufficiently clear. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> *She had just cause.*] The first and second folio read — *she had just such cause.* REED.

We should certainly read, “she had just cause.” The insertion of the word *such*, hurts both the sense and the metre.

M. MASON:

There is nothing to which the word *such* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word which confirms the observation. — Since the foregoing remark was printed in the SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPP. to SHAKSP. 1783, I have observed that the editor of the third folio made the same correction. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — incense me — ] i. e. instigate, set me on. So, in *K. Richard III.*:

“Think you, my lord, this little prating York

“Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother?” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Should rift* — ] i. e. split. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ — rifted Jove's stout oak.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Stars, very stars,*] The word — *very*, was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to assist the metre. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“'Twas *very* Cloten.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“Especially against his *very* friend.” STEEVENS.



And all eyes else, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAUL. Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

LEON. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

PAUL. Then, good my lords, bear witness to  
his oath.

CLEO. You tempt him over-much.

PAUL. Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront his eye.<sup>5</sup>

CLEO. Good madam,—

PAUL. I have done.<sup>6</sup>  
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will; give me the office  
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such,  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

LEON. My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

PAUL. That  
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;  
Never till then.

<sup>5</sup> *Affront his eye.*] To affront, is to meet. JOHNSON.  
So, in *Cymbeline*:

“Your preparation can *affront* no less  
“Than what you hear of.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Paul. *I have done.*] These three words in the old copy make  
part of the preceding speech. The present regulation, which is  
clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.



*Enter a Gentleman.*

GENT. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (the  
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access  
To your high presence.

LEON. What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,  
'Tis not visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need, and accident. What train?

GENT. But few,  
And those but mean.

LEON. His princess, say you, with him?

GENT. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I  
think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

PAUL. O Hermione,  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now.<sup>7</sup> Sir, you yourself  
Have said, and writ so,<sup>8</sup> (but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme,<sup>9</sup>) *She had not been,*  
*Nor was not to be equall'd;*—thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *so must thy grave*

*Give way to what's seen now.*] *Thy grave* here means—thy  
beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the  
contents. EDWARDS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *Sir, you yourself*

*Have said, and writ so,*] The reader must observe, that *so*  
relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that *she had not*  
*been* ——— *equall'd.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Is colder than that theme,*] i. e. than the lifeless body of Her-  
mione, the theme or subject of your writing. MALONE.



To say, you have seen a better.

GENT. Pardon, madam:  
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is such a crea-  
ture,<sup>9</sup>

Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else; make profelytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

PAUL. How? not women?

GENT. Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men that she is  
The rarest of all women.

LEON. Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,  
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.  
He thus should steal upon us.

PAUL. Had our prince,  
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord; there was not full a month  
Between their births.

LEON. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,<sup>2</sup>  
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that, which may  
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

<sup>9</sup> *This is such a creature,*] The word *such*, which is wanting in the old copy, was judiciously supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,*] The old copy redundantly reads—

“ Pr'ythee, no more; *cease*; thou know'st.”—

*Cease*, I believe, was a mere marginal gloss or explanation of—  
~~no more~~, and, injuriously to metre, had crept into the text.

STEEVENS.



*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,  
and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him: and speak of something, wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!  
And your fair princess, goddess)—O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost  
(All mine own folly) the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look upon.<sup>3</sup>

FLO. By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— whom,

*Though bearing misery, I desire my life*

*Once more to look upon.*] The old copy reads—

*Once more to look on him.* STEEVENS.

For this incorrectness our author must answer. There are many others of the same kind to be found in his writings. See p. 60, n. 7. Mr. Theobald, with more accuracy, but without necessity, omitted the word *him*, and to supply the metre, reads in the next line — “*Sir, by his command,*” &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

As I suppose this incorrect phraseology to be the mere jargon of the old players, I have omitted — *him*, and (for the sake of metre) instead of — *on*, read — *upon*. So, in a former part of the present scene:

“ I might have look'd *upon* my queen's full eyes —.”

Again, p. 202:

“ Strike all that look *upon* with marvel.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *that a king, at friend,*] Thus the old copy; but having



Can fend his brother: and, but infirmity  
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something  
feiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves  
(He bade me say so,) more than all the scepters,  
And those that bear them, living.

LEON. O, my brother,  
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir  
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage  
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less  
The adventure of her person?

FLO. Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

LEON. Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

FLO. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,  
whose daughter  
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: <sup>4</sup> thence

met with no example of such phraseology, I suspect our author  
wrote — *and friend*. *At* has already been printed for *and* in the play  
before us. MALONE.

*At friend*, perhaps, means *at friendship*. So, in *Hamlet*, we have —  
“the wind *at* help.” We might, however, read, omitting only a  
single letter — *a friend*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *whose daughter*

*His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:]* This is very un-  
grammatical and obscure. We may better read:

— *whose daughter*

*His tears proclaim'd her parting with her.*



(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,  
 To execute the charge my father gave me,  
 For visiting your highness: My best train  
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
 Not only my success in Libya, fir,  
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
 Here, where we are.

LEON. The blessed gods<sup>5</sup>  
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
 Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
 A graceful gentleman;<sup>6</sup> against whose person,  
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
 Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,  
 (As he from heaven merits it,) with you,  
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
 Such goodly things as you?

The prince first tells that the lady came from *Libya*; the king, interrupting him, says, *from Smalus?* from him, says the prince, *whose tears, at parting, showed her to be his daughter.* JOHNSON.

The obscurity arises from want of proper punctuation. By placing a comma after *his*, I think the sense is clear'd. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *The blessed gods*—] Unless both the words *here* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as dissyllables, the metre is defective. We might read—The *ever*-blessed gods—; but whether there was any omission, is very doubtful, for the reason already assigned. MALONE.

I must confess that in this present dissyllabic pronunciation I have not the smallest degree of faith. Such violent attempts to produce metre should at least be countenanced by the shadow of examples. Sir T. Hanmer reads—

“ Here, where we *happily* are. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *A graceful gentleman*;] i. e. full of grace and virtue.

M. MASON.



*Enter a Lord.*

LORD. Most noble fir,  
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great fir,  
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :  
Desires you to attach his son; who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

LEON. Where's Bohemia? I speak.

LORD. Here in your city; I now came from him :  
I speak amazedly; and it becomes  
My marvel, and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

FLO. Camillo has betray'd me;  
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,  
Endur'd all weathers.

LORD. Lay't so, to his charge;  
He's with the king your father.

LEON. Who? Camillo?

LORD. Camillo, fir; I spake with him; who now  
Has these poor men in question.<sup>7</sup> Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

<sup>7</sup> ——— in question. ] i. e. in conversation. So, in *As you like it*:  
"I met the Duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him."



PER. O, my poor father!—  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

LEON. You are married?

FLO. We are not, fir, nor are we like to be ;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :—  
The odds for high and low's alike.<sup>7</sup>

LEON. My Lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

FLO. She is,  
When once she is my wife.

LEON. That once, I see, by your good father's  
speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty : and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,<sup>8</sup>  
That you might well enjoy her.

FLO. Dear, look up :  
Though fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot  
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, fir,  
Remember since you ow'don more to time<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *The odds for high and low's alike,* ] A quibble upon the false dice so called. See note in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Vol. V. p. 43, n. 4. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> *Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,* ] Worth signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth*; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. MALONE.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

“ But were my worth as is my conscience firm,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Remember since you ow'd no more to time, &c.* ] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.



Than I do now : with thought of such affections,  
 Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,  
 My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

LEON. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious  
 mistress,  
 Which he counts but a trifle.

PAUL. Sir, my liege,  
 Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month  
 'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such  
 gazes  
 Than what you look on now.

LEON. I thought of her.  
 Even in these looks I made.—But your petition  
 [ To FLORIZEL.  
 Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;  
 Your honour not o'erthrow, by your desires.  
 I am friend to them, and you : upon which errand  
 I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,  
 And mark what way I make : Come, good my lord.  
 [ Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, and a Gentleman.*

AUT. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this  
 relation ?

1. GENT. I was by at the opening of the fardel,  
 heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he  
 found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we  
 were all commanded out of the chamber ; only this,



methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

AUT, I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. GENT. I make a broken delivery of the business; —But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow; <sup>2</sup> but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows  
more;

The news, Rogero?

2. GENT. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

<sup>2</sup> — if the importance were joy, or sorrow; ] Importance here means, the thing imported. M. MASON.



3. GENT. Most true ; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione ;—her jewel about the neck of it ;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character :—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother ;—the affection of nobleness,<sup>9</sup> which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences ; proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

2. GENT. No.

3. GENT. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another ; so, and in such manner,<sup>2</sup> that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them ; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands ; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.<sup>3</sup> Our king,

<sup>9</sup> ——— *the affection of nobleness,* ] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*. The word seems to be used nearly in the same sense in the following title : “ The first set of Italian Madrigalls englished, not to the sense of the original ditty, but to the *affection* of the noate, “ &c. By Thomas Watson, quarto. 1590. *Affection* is used in *Hamlet* for *affection*, but that can hardly be the meaning here.

Perhaps both here and in *K. Henry IV.* *affection* is used for *propensity* :

“ ——— in speech, in gait,  
 “ In diet, in *affections* of delight,  
 “ In military exercises, humours of blood,  
 “ He was the mark and glass, &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *so and in such manner,* ] Our author seems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkship. It is the technical language of conveyancers. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *favour.* ] i. e. countenance, features. So, in *Othello* :  
 “ Defeat thy *favour* with an usurped beard.” STEEVENS.



being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; <sup>4</sup> now he thanks the old shepherd which stands by, like a weather-bitten <sup>5</sup> conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it. <sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *with clipping her:*] i. e. embracing her. So, Sidney;  
 "He, who before shun'd her, to shun such harms,  
 "Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *weather-bitten, &c.*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors—*weather-beaten*. *Hamlet* says: "The air *bites* shrewdly;" and the Duke, in *As you like it*:—"when it *bites* and blows." *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *corroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copies appears to be right. Antony Mundy, in the preface to *Gerileon of England*, the second part, &c. 1592, has—"winter-bitten epitaph." RITSON.

Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts. Shakspeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How now? a conduit, girl? what still in tears?  
 "Evermore showering?" HENLEY.

See Vol. VIII. p. 298, n. 7.

*Weather-bitten* was in the third folio changed to *weather-beaten*; but there does not seem to be any necessity for the change.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.*] We have the same sentiment in *The Tempest*:

"For thou wilt find, she will *outstrip* all praise,  
 "And make it *hail* behind her."

Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

"——— a face  
 "That *overgoes* my blunt invention quite,  
 "Dalling my lines, and doing me disgrace." MALONE.



2. GENT. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. GENT. Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. GENT. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. GENT. Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. GENT. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3. GENT. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *most marble there,* ] i. e. most petrified with wonder.



changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1. GENT. Are they returned to the court?

3. GENT. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano;<sup>8</sup> who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath

So, in Milton's Epitaph on' our author:

"There thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
"Dost make us marble by too much conceiving."

STEEVENS:

It means those who had the hardest hearts. It would not be extraordinary that those persons should change colour who were petrified with wonder, though it was, that hardened hearts should be moved by a scene of tenderness. M. MASON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"—Hearts of most hard temper  
"Melt, and lament for him." MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason's and Mr. Malone's explanation may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—now from head to foot  
"I am marble constant." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; &c.* ] This excellent artist was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546, Fine and generous, as this tribute of praise must be owned, yet it was a strange absurdity, sure, to thrust it into a tale, the action of which is supposed within the period of heathenism, and whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachronism. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakspeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. JOHNSON.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the statue carved by another. Ben Jonson makes Doctor Rut in *The Magnetic Lady*, Act. V. sc. viii. say:



into his work, would beguile nature of her custom,<sup>9</sup> so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2. GENT. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

“ ——— all city statues must be painted,

“ Else they be worth nought i'their subtil judgements.”

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood*, as the poet expresses it afterwards. TOLLET.

Our author expressly says, in a subsequent passage, that it was painted; and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano:

“ The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;

“ You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own

“ With oily painting.” MALONE.

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at *Pompeii*, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society, *viz.* that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has since informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, observes from Pausanias and Herodotus, that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— of her custom, ] That is, of her trade,—would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.



1. GENT. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?<sup>2</sup> every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

AUT. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much seasick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd, and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

SHEP. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLOWN. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no

<sup>2</sup> *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?*] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.



gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUT. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

CLOWN. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

SHEP. And so have I, boy.

CLOWN. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

SHEP. We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLOWN. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

AUT. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

SHEP. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLOWN. Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUT. Ay, an it like your good worship.

CLOWN. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEP. You may say it, but not swear it.

CLOWN. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman?



Let boors and franklins say it,<sup>3</sup> I'll swear it.

SHEP. How if it be false, son?

CLOWN. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands,<sup>4</sup> and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

AUT. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

CLOWN. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—

<sup>3</sup> —franklins say it,] *Franklin* is a freeholder, or yeoman, a man above a villain, but not a gentleman. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —tall fellow of thy hands,] *Tall*, in that time, was the word used for *stout*. JOHNSON.

Part of this phrase occurs in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 114:

“A noble knight eke of his honde.”

A man of his hands had anciently two significations. It either meant an *adroit* fellow who handled his weapon well, or a fellow skilful in thievery. In the first of these senses it is used by the Clown. Phraseology like this is often met with. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540:

“Thou art a good man of thyne habite.” STEEVENS.

A tall fellow of thy hands means, a stout fellow of your size. We measure horses by hands, which contain four inches; and from thence the phrase is taken. M. MASON.

The following quotation from *Questions concerning Conie-hood*, &c. 1595, will at least ascertain the sense in which Autolycus would have wished this phrase to be received: “Conie-hood proceeding from choller, is in him which amongst mirth having but one crosse worde given him, straightwaies fals to his weapons, and will hacke peecemeale the quicke and the dead through superfluity of his manhood; and doth this for this purpose, that the standers by may say that he is a tall fellow of his hands, and such a one as will not swallow a cantell of cheese.” STEEVENS.

I think, in old books it generally means a strong stout fellow.

MALONE.



Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters.<sup>5</sup> [Excunt.

## S C E N E III.

*The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*

LEON. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

PAUL. What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,  
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,  
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted  
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

LEON. O Paulina,  
We honour you with trouble: But we came  
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,

<sup>5</sup> ———Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.] The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be good master to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style.

Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: "Furthermore, I beseeche you to be *gode master* unto one in my necessities, for I have neither shirt, nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear." WHALLEY.





Painted by W<sup>m</sup> Hamilton R.A.

Grave near Portout where Shyphla.

SHAKSPEARE.  
*What fine child could ever get out breath?*  
*Let no man move me, for I will kiss her.*  
 ACT V. SCENE III.

*The ruddiness upon her lips is wet,*  
*You'll move it, if you kiss it; stain your own*  
*With oily painting; shall I draw the curtain?*







The statue of her mother.

PAUL. As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart:<sup>6</sup> But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

PAULINA *undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*  
I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near?

LEON. Her natural posture!—  
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,  
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,  
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing  
So aged, as this seems.

POL. O, not by much.

PAUL. So much the more our carver's excellence;

<sup>6</sup> ———— *therefore I keep it*

*Lonely, apart:]* The old copy—*lovely.* STEEVENS.

*Lovely*, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness. The Oxford editor reads:

*Lonely, apart:—*

As if it could be *apart* without being *alone.* WARBURTON.

I am yet inclined to *lonely*, which in the old angular writing cannot be distinguished from *lovely*. To say, that *I keep it alone, separate from the rest*, is a pleonasm which scarcely any nicety declines. JOHNSON.

The same error is found in many other places in the first folio. In *King Richard III.* we find this very error:

“Advantaging their *loue* with interest

“Often times double.”

Here we have *loue* instead of *love*, the old spelling of *loan*.

MALONE



Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she liv'd now.

LEON. As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,  
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!  
I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me,  
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,  
There's magick in thy majesty; which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee!

PER. And give me leave;  
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

PAUL. O, patience;<sup>6</sup>  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
Not dry.

CAM. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

POL. Dear my brother,  
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power  
To take off so much grief from you, as he  
Will piece up in himself.

PAUL. Indeed, my lord.  
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image

<sup>6</sup> O, patience;] That is, Stay a while, be not so eager.



Would thus have wrought' you, (for the stone is mine,)

I'd not have show'd it.<sup>8</sup>

LEON. Do not draw the curtain.

PAUL. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy

May think anon, it moves.

LEON. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already<sup>9</sup>—

What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,  
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins

Did verily bear blood?

<sup>7</sup> —wrought—] i. e. worked, agitated. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ —my dull brain was wrought

“ With things forgotten.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Indeed, my lord,

*If I had thought, the sight of my poor image*

*Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)*

*I'd not have show'd it.*] I do not know whether we should not read, without a parenthesis:

—for the stone i'th' mine

*I'd not have shew'd it.*

A mine of stone, or marble, would not perhaps at present be esteemed an accurate expression, but it may still have been used by Shakspeare, as it has been used by Holinshed. *Descript. of Engl.* c. ix. p. 235: “Now if you have regard to their ornature, how many mines of sundrie kinds of coarse and fine marble are there to be had in England?”—And a little lower he uses the same word again for a quarry of stone, or plaister: “*And such is the mine of it, that the stones thereof lie in flakes,*” &c. TYRWHITT.

To change an accurate expression for an expression confessedly not accurate, has somewhat of retrogradation. JOHNSON.

—(for the stone is mine,)] So afterwards Paulina says, “—be stone no more.” So also Leontes: “Chide me, dear stone.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—*] The sentence compleated is.

—but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.

But there his passion made him break off. WARBURTON.



POL. Masterly done :  
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEON. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,<sup>2</sup>  
As we are mock'd with art.<sup>3</sup>

PAUL. I'll draw the curtain ;  
My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon, it lives.

LEON. O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together ;  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

PAUL. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you ;  
but

<sup>2</sup> *The fixure of her eye has motion in't,*] So, in our author's 88th Sonnet :

“ — Your sweet hue, which methinks *still doth stand*,  
“ Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.”

MALONE.

The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a statue always is,] yet it seems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

The word *fixure*, which Shakspeare has used both in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, is likewise employed by Drayton in the first canto of *The Barons' Wars* :

“ Whose glorious *fixure* in so clear a sky.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is used by our author here, as in some other places, for “as if.” Thus, in *Cymbeline* :

“ He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  
“ And she alone were cold.”

Again, in *Macbeth* :

“ As they had seen me with these hangman's hands  
“ Lift'ning their fear.” MALONE.

*As we are mock'd with art.*] Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Malone, very properly observe that *as*, in this instance is used, as in some other places, for *as if*. The former of these gentlemen would read *were* instead of *are*, but unnecessarily, I think, considering the loose grammar of Shakspeare's age.—*With*, however, has the force of *by*. A passage parallel to that before us, occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*—“ And mock our eyes with air.” STEEVENS.



I could afflict you further.

LEON. Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kifs ker.

PAUL. Good my lord, forbear:  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You'll mar it, if you kifs it; stain your own  
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

LEON. No, not these twenty years.

PER. So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

PAUL. Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you  
For more amazement: If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,  
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

LEON. What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,  
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

PAUL. It is required,  
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;  
Or those,<sup>4</sup> that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

LEON. Proceed;  
No foot shall stir.

<sup>4</sup> Or *those*,] The old copy reads—*On*: those, &c. Corrected  
by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.



PAUL.

Musick ; awake her : strike.—

[Musick.

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come :  
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay come away ;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs :

[HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal.

Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,  
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again ; for then  
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :  
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor.

LEON.

O, she's warm ! [Embracing her.  
If this be magick, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

POL.

She embraces him.

CAM. She hangs about his neck ;

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POL. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or, how stol'n from the dead ?

PAUL.

That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—  
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady :  
Our Perdita is found.

*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*

HER.

You gods, look down,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> You gods, look down, &c.] A similar invocation has already  
occurred in *The Tempest* :

“ Look down, ye gods,

“ And on this couple drop a blessed crown !” STEEVENS.



And from your sacred vials pour your graces<sup>5</sup>  
 Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,  
 Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how  
 found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—  
 Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle  
 Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd my-  
 self,  
 To see the issue.

PAUL. There's time enough for that;  
 Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
 Your joys with like relation.—Go together, <  
 You precious winners all;<sup>6</sup> your exultation  
 Partake to every one.<sup>7</sup> I, an old turtle,  
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there  
 My mate, that's never to be found again,  
 Lament till I am lost.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *And from your sacred vials pour your graces—*] The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings: “And I heard a great voice out of the temple saying to the angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth.” Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *You precious winners all;*] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *—your exultation*

*Partake to every one.*] *Partake* here means *participate*. It is used in the same sense in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*.

MALONE.

It is also thus employed by Spenser:

“My friend, hight Philemon, I did *partake*

“Of all my love, and all my privy.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *— I, an old turtle,*

*Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there*

*My mate, that's never to be found again,*

*Lament till I am lost.*] So, Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes Secundus has written for him, speaking of his grief for the loss of Eurydice, says:



LEON. O peace, Paulina;  
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found  
mine ;

But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many  
A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far  
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee  
An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and ho-  
nesty,<sup>9</sup>

Is richly noted ; and here justify'd  
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—  
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your par-  
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)  
Is troth-plight to your daughter.<sup>2</sup>—Good Paulina,

“ Sic gemit arenti viduatus ab arbore turtur.”

So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592 :

“ A turtle sat upon a *leaveless* tree,

“ Mourning her absent *pheere*,

“ With sad and sorry *cheere* :

“ And whilst her plumes she rents,

“ And for her *love laments*,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— whose *worth, and honesty*,] The word *whose*, evidently  
refers to *Camillo*, though *Paulina* is the immediate antecedent.

M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *This your son-in-law*,

*And son unto the king*, (whom heavens directing,)

*Is troth-plight to your daughter*.] Whom heavens directing is  
here in the absolute case, and has the same signification as if the  
poet had written—“ *him* heavens directing.” So, in *The Tempest* :

“ Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

“ A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

“ Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed

“ Master of the design,) did give us.”



Lead us from hence; where we may leifurely  
 Each one demand, and answer to his part  
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, fince firft  
 We were diffever'd: Haftily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>3</sup>

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Or as the fnail (*whoſe* tender horns being hurt,)

“ Shrinks backward to his ſhelly cave with pain.”

Here we ſhould now write—“ *his* tender horns.”

See alſo a paſſage in *King John*, A& II. ſc. ii. “ *Who having* no external thing to loſe,” &c. and another in *Coriolanus*, A& III. ſc. ii. which are conſtructed in a ſimilar manner. In the note on the latter paſſage this phraſeology is proved not to be peculiar to Shakspeare. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> This play, as Dr. Warburton juſtly obſerves, is, with all its abſurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and ſtrongly repreſented. JOHNSON.







COMEDY OF ERRORS.\*



\* COMEDY OF ERRORS.] Shakspeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument hereafter quoted, is as follows :

“ Two twinne borne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,  
“ Menechmus one, and Soficles the other ;  
“ The first his father lost, a little lad ;  
“ The grandfire namde the latter like his brother :  
“ This (growne a man) long travell took to seeke  
“ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,  
“ Where th’ other dwelt inricht, and himso like,  
“ That citizens there take him for the same :  
“ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,  
“ Much pleasant error, ere they meet together.”

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.

See this translation of the *Menæchmi*, among *six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-crofs.

At the beginning of an address *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Dekker’s *Satiromastix*, &c. 1602, is the following passage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us.

“ In steed of the Trumpets sounding thrice before they play begin, it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greatest enter, to give them instead of a hisse, a gentle correction.” STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare’s more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

I am possibly singular in thinking that Shakspeare was not under the slightest obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner’s translation of the *Menæchmi*. The additions of *Erotas* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that translation, and he could never invent, are, alone, a sufficient inducement to believe that he was no way, indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what must, of course, be common to every translation. Sir William Blackstone, I observe, suspects “ this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare’s more early productions.” But I much doubt whether any of these “ long hobbling verses” have the honour of proceeding from his pen ; and, in fact, the superior elegance and harmony of his language is no less distinguishable in his earliest than his latest production. The truth is if any inference



can be drawn from the most striking dissimilarity of stile, a tissue as different as silk and worsted, that this comedy though boasting the embellishments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, speeches, and scenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without the help of a translation, or, at least, did not make use of Warner's. And this I take to have been the case, not only with the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* as I think a late editor (*O si sic omnia!*) has satisfactorily proved, but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *K. Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakspeare's new work is as apparent as the brightest touches of Titian would be on the poorest performance of the veriest canvass-spoiler that ever handled a brush. The originals of these plays (except the *second* and *third parts of K. Henry VI.*) were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager for the purpose of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleasant and fine conceited comedie," as intitled to a situation among the "*six plays on which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Measure, &c.*" of which I should hope to see a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.



## PERSONS represented.

Solinus, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholus of Ephesus,<sup>2</sup> } *Twin Brothers, and Sons*  
 Antipholus of Syracuse, } *to Ægeon and Æmilia,*  
                                               *but unknown to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants*  
 Dromio of Syracuse, } *on the two Antipholus's.*

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith,*

*A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Pinch, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjuror.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Luciana, *her Sister.*

Luce, *her Servant.*

*A Courtezan.*

*Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

S C E N E, Ephesus.

<sup>2</sup> In the old copy, these brothers are occasionally styled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*: and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps — *erraticus*, and *surreptus*. One of these twins wandered in search of his brother, who had been forced from Æmilia by fishermen of Corinth. The following acrostic is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

*Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii;*

*Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.*

*Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est*

*Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Soscitem.*

*Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat*

*Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit:*

*Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.*

*Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam;*

*Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, & socer.*

*Si se cognoscunt fratres postremo invicem.*

The translator, W. W. calls the brothers, Menæchmus *Sosciles*, and Menæchmus the traveller. Whencesoever Shakspeare adopted *erraticus* and *surreptus* (which either he or his editors have mis-spelt) these distinctions were soon dropped, and throughout the rest of the entries the twins are styled of *Syracuse* or *Ephesus*. STEEVENS.



# COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Duke's Palace,*

*Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

ÆGE. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

DUKE. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;  
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:  
The enmity and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,  
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—  
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,  
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:  
Nay, more,  
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen  
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,  
Again, If any Syracusan born,  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,



Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;  
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

ÆGE. Yet this my comfort; when your words  
are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

DUKE. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
Why thou departedst from thy native home;  
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

ÆGE. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:  
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,<sup>3</sup>  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
In Syracuse was I born; and wed  
Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
And by me too,<sup>4</sup> had not our hap been bad.  
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,

<sup>3</sup> *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,*] All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general superstition amongst the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life, (says he) which I am going to relate, the world may understand, that my present death is according to the ordinary course of Providence [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

The real meaning of this passage is much less abstruse, than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection*. — Ægeon came to Ephesus in search of his son, and tells his story, in order to shew that his death was in consequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *And by me too,*] *Too*, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to complete the metre.

MALONE.



By prosperous voyages I often made  
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;  
 And he, great care of goods at random left,<sup>4</sup>  
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:  
 From whom my absence was not six months old,  
 Before herself (almost at fainting, under  
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,)  
 Had made provision for her following me,  
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
 There she had not been long, but she became  
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;  
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
 That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,  
 A poor mean woman<sup>5</sup> was delivered  
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:  
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
 Made daily motions for our home return:  
 Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.  
 We came aboard:  
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm:  
 But longer did we not retain much hope;  
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant

<sup>4</sup> *And he, great care of goods at random left,*] Surely we should read:

And *the* great care of goods at random left  
 Drew me, &c.

The text, as exhibited in the old copy, can scarcely be reconciled to grammar. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *A poor mean woman* — ] *Poor* is not in the old copy. It was inserted for the sake of the metre by the editor of the second folio, MALONE.



Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;  
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
And this it was,—for other means was none.—  
The sailors fought for safety by our boat,  
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:  
My wife, more careful for the latter-born.  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;  
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;  
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,  
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
Two ships from far making amain to us,  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!  
Gather the sequel by that went before.

DUKE Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;  
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

ÆGE. O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!  
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,



We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;  
 Which being violently borne upon,<sup>6</sup>  
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,  
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
 Fortune had left to both of us alike  
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
 Was carried with more speed before the wind;  
 And in our fight they three were taken up  
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave helpful welcome<sup>7</sup> to their shipwreck'd guests;  
 And would have rest the fishers of their prey,  
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
 And therefore homeward did they bend their  
 course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blifs;  
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

DUKE. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
 Do me the favour to dilate at full  
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.<sup>8</sup>

ÆGE. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— borne upon, ] The original copy reads — borne up. The additional syllable was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Gave helpful welcome ——— ] Old copy — healthful welcome. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. — So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“ And gave the tongue a helpful welcome.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— and thee, till now. ] The first copy erroneously reads — and they. The correction was made in the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care, ] Shakspeare has here



At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother: and importun'd me,  
 That his attendant, (for his case was like,<sup>2</sup>  
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)  
 Might bear him company in the quest of him:  
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,  
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,<sup>3</sup>  
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus:  
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,  
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But here must end the story of my life;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

DUKE. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have  
 mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,

been guilty of a little forgetfulness. Ægeon had said, page 214, that the *youngest son* was that which his wife had taken care of:—

“ My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*,  
 “ Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast.”

He himself did the same by the other; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, fastened themselves at either end of the mast. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — for *his case was like*,] The original copy has — *so* his. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia*,] In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite*, *fully*, *perfectly*, *completely*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— This is *clean* kam.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ *Clean* from the purpose of the things themselves.”

The reader will likewise find it in the 77th Psalm. STEEVENS.



Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,  
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,  
 But to our honour's great disparagement,  
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:  
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
 To seek thy help <sup>4</sup> by beneficial help:  
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
 And live; if not, <sup>5</sup> then thou art doom'd to die:—  
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

GAOL. I will, my lord.

ÆGE. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,<sup>6</sup>  
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.]

<sup>4</sup> ——— *help* ———] Mr. Pope and some other modern editors read—To seek thy *life*, &c. But the jingle has much of Shakespeare's manner. MALONE.

To seek thy *life*, can hardly be the true reading, for, in ancient language, it signifies *a base endeavour to take life away*. Thus, Antonio says of Shylock, —

“He seeks my life.”

I believe, therefore, the word—*help*, was accidentally repeated by the compositor, and that our author wrote,—

To seek thy help by beneficial means. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *if not*,] Old copy—*no*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *wend*,] i. e. go. An obsolete word. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“And back to Athens shall the lovers *wend*.” STEEVENS.



## S C E N E II.

*A publick Place.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

MER. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,  
 Left that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
 Is apprehended for arrival here;  
 And, not being able to buy out his life,  
 According to the statute of the town,  
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
 There is your money that I had to keep.

ANT. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
 Within this hour it will be dinnertime:  
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn;  
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
 Get thee away.

DRO. S. Many a man would take you at your word,  
 And go indeed, having so good a mean.

*[Exit DRO. S.]*

ANT. S. A trusty villain, ' fir; that very oft,  
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
 What, will you walk with me about the town,  
 And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

MER. I am invited, fir; to certain merchants,

<sup>7</sup> *A trusty villain, ] i. e. servant. DOUCE.*



Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;<sup>8</sup>  
My present business calls me from you now.

ANT. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down, to view the city.

MER. Sir, I commend you to your own content.  
[Exit Merchant.]

ANT. S. He that commends me to mine own content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get,  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:  
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—  
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

DRO. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd  
too late:

<sup>8</sup> *And afterwards consort you till bed-time;*] We should read, I believe,

*And afterwards consort with you till bed-time.*  
So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Mercutio, thou *consort'st* with Romeo.” MALONE.

There is no need of emendation. The old reading is supported by the following passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act. II. sc. i.

“Sweet health and fair desires *consort* your grace.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Thou wretched boy, that didst *consort* him here—.”

STEEVENS.



The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;  
 The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,  
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek :  
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;  
 The meat is cold, because you come not home ;  
 You come not home, because you have no stomach ;  
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;  
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

ANT. S. Stop in your wind, fir; tell me this, I  
 pray;

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

DRO. E. O,—six-pence, that I had o'Wednesday  
 last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—  
 The saddler had it, fir, I kept it not.

ANT. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:  
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?  
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
 So great a charge from thine own custody?

DRO. E. I pray you, jest, fir, as you sit at dinner:  
 I from my mistress come to you in post;  
 If I return, I shall be post indeed;  
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I shall be post indeed;*

*For she will score your fault upon my pate.*] Perhaps before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities used to his wife, *Cob* answers:—

“ ——— if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post* in the middle of the warehouse,” &c. STEEVENS.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: “*Hoft*. Out of my doors, knave, thou enterest not my doors; I have no *chalk* in my house; my *posts* shall not be guarded with a little sing-song.”

MALONE,



Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your  
clock,<sup>2</sup>

And strike you home without a messenger.

ANT. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out  
of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

DRO. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to  
me.

ANT. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your  
foolishness,

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

DRO. E. My charge was but to fetch you from  
the mart

Home to your house, the phoenix, sir, to dinner;  
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

ANT. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,<sup>3</sup>

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

DRO. E. I have some marks of yours upon my  
pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.—

If I should pay your worship those again,

<sup>2</sup> *Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,*] The old  
copy reads "your cook." Mr. Pope made the change. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *that merry sconce of yours,*] *Sconce* is *head*. So, in *Hamlet*,  
A& V: "—— why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock  
him about the *sconce*?"

Again, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"—— I say no more,

"But 'tis within this *sconce* to go beyond them."



Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

ANT. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress,  
flave, hast thou?

DRO. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
Phoenix;

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,  
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

ANT. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my  
face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, fir knave.

DRO. E. What mean you, fir? for God's sake,  
hold your hands;

Nay, an you will not, fir, I'll take my heels.

[ *Exit DROMIO. E.*

ANT. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is o'er-raught<sup>4</sup> of all my money.  
They say, this town is full of cozenage;<sup>5</sup>  
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— o'er-raught — ] That is *over-reached*. JOHNSON.  
So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— certain players

" We o'er-raught on the way."

Again, in *Spenser's Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. iii:

" Having by chance a close advantage view'd,

" He over-raught him," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *They say, this town is full of cozenage;* ] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence ἑφεσια αλεξιφάρμακα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and ἑφεσια γραμματαί, in the same sense. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,*

*Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;* ] Those, who attentively consider these three lines, must confess, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of these miscreants, should declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would there-



Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

fore be a just characteristic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble jugglers*, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *slight of hand*: and by *soul-killing* witches, we are informed, the mischief they do is by the assistance of the devil, to whom they have given their souls: but then, by *dark-working* forcerers, we are not instructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Besides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not design this in their characteristic. We should read:

Drug-working *forcerers, that change the mind*,  
and we know by the history of ancient and modern superstition, that these kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by these applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earnestness to recommend his alteration: but, if I may judge of other apprehensions by my own, without great success. This interpretation of *soul-killing* is forced and harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *soul-selling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without such improvement as may justify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus:

*Soul-killing forcerers, that change the mind,*

*Dark-working witches, that deform the body;*

This change seems to remove all difficulties.

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

*Dark-working forcerers*, may only mean *forcerers who carry on their operations in the dark*. Thus says Bolingbroke, in the second part of *King Henry VI*:

“ ——— wizards know their times:

“ Deep night, *dark night*, the silent of the night,” &c.

Witches themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. The same compound epithet occurs in Christopher Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*, 1600:

“ They charge her, that she did maintaine and feede

“ *Soul-killing* witches, and convers'd with devils.”

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakspeare might have received from the old translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595:  
“ For this assure yourselfe, this towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, cony-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold: then for curtizans,” &c.

STEEVENS.



And many such like liberties of sin:<sup>7</sup>  
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;  
 I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

ADR. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master!  
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

LUC. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:  
 A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and, when they see time,  
 They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

ADR. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUC. Because their business still lies out o' door.

ADR. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.<sup>8</sup>

LUC. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

<sup>7</sup> — *liberties of sin:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right. JOHNSON.

By *liberties of sin*, I believe Shakspeare means *licensed offenders*, such as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *ill.*] This word, which the rhyme seems to countenance, was furnished by the editor of the second folio. The first has — *thus*.

MALONE.



ADR. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so,

LUC. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.<sup>9</sup>

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

The beasts the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subject, and at their controls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,<sup>2</sup>

Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

<sup>9</sup> ADR. *There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.*

LUC. *Why headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.*] Should it not rather be *leash'd*, i. e. coupled like a headstrong hound?

The high opinion I must necessarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgement, who furnished this observation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle*, must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense as *leash*; as does Greene in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didst counsel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *lash*." Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576: "Yet both in *lashe* at length this Cressid leaves." *Lace* was the old English word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"To thee Cassandra which dost hold my freedom in a *lace*."

When the mariner, however, *lashes* his guns, the sportsman *leashes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the same original is the word *windlass*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewise signified to bestow corrections with a cord, or rope's end. So, in the 2nd. Part of *Decker's Honest Whore*, 1630:

"——— the lazy lowne

"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"So now my back has room to reach; I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a rascal." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Men—the masters, &c.] The old copy has *Man*—the *master*, &c. and in the next line—*Lord*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer.

MALONE.



Are masters to their females, and their lords :  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADR. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUC. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

ADR. But, were you wedded, you would bear  
some sway.

LUC. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey,

ADR. How if your husband start some other  
where?<sup>3</sup>

LUC. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADR. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she  
pause;<sup>4</sup>

They can be meek, that have no other cause.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *start some other where?*] I cannot but think, that our author wrote:

——— *start some other hare?*

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Cupid is said to be a good hare-finder. JOHNSON.

I suspect that *where* has here the power of a noun. So, in *King Lear*:

“Thou lovest *here*, a better *where* to find.”

Again, in Tho. Drant's translation of Horace's *Satires*, 1567:

“—— they ranged in eatche *where*,

“No spousailes knowne,” &c.

The sense is, *How, if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?* The expression is used again, *Scene iii*:

“—— his eye doth homage *otherwhere*.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I.

“This is not Romeo, he's some *otherwhere*.”

*Otherwhere* signifies—in other places. So, in *King Henry VIII*. Act II. sc. ii:

“The king hath sent me *otherwhere*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *though she pause;*] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *They can be meek, that have no other cause.*] That is, who have no cause to be otherwise. M. MASON.



A wretched foul, bruis'd with adversity,  
 We bid be quiet,<sup>6</sup> when we hear it cry;  
 But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
 As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:  
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
 With urging helpless patience<sup>7</sup> would'st relieve me:  
 But, if thou live to see like right bereft,  
 This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.<sup>8</sup>

LUC. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—  
 Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

ADR. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DRO. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and  
 that my two ears can witness.

ADR. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st  
 thou his mind?

DRO. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:  
 Befhrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

<sup>6</sup> *A wretched foul, bruis'd with adversity,  
 We bid be quiet, &c.]* Shakspeare has the same sentiment in  
*Much ado about Nothing*, where Leonato says—

“ ————— men

“ Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief

“ Which they themselves not feel.”

And again,

“ ——— 'tis all men's office to speak patience

“ To those that wring under the load of sorrow.”

DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> *With urging helpless patience—]* By exhorting me to patience,  
 which affords no help. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— fool-begg'd ——— ] She seems to mean, by fool-begg'd  
 patience, that patience which is so near to idiotical simplicity, that  
 your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you  
 as a fool, and beg the guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.



LUC. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

DRO. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.<sup>8</sup>

ADR. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

DRO. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

ADR. Horn-mad, thou villain?

DRO. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,  
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:<sup>9</sup>

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:  
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:  
Will you come home? quoth I;<sup>2</sup> *My gold*, quoth he:  
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?  
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; *My gold*, quoth he;  
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;  
*I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!*<sup>3</sup>

LUC. Quoth who?

DRO. E. Quoth my master:

<sup>8</sup> ——— *that I could scarce understand them.*] i. e. that I could scarce stand under them. This quibble, poor, as it is, seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare. It has been already introduced in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ ——— my staff understands me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *a thousand marks in gold.*] The old copy reads— *a hundred marks*. The correction was made in the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *will you come home? quoth I.*] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentick copy of this play, was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!*] I suppose this dissonant line originally stood thus:

*I know no mistress; out upon thy mistress!* STEEVENS.



*I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;—*  
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;  
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADR. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

DRO. E. Go back again, and benew beaten home?  
 For God's sake, send some other messenger.

ADR. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

DRO. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

ADR. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

DRO. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,<sup>4</sup>  
 That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:  
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.<sup>5</sup>

[Exit.

LUC. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

ADR. His company must do his minions grace,  
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.<sup>6</sup>

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
 From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:  
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?  
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

<sup>4</sup> *Am I so round with you, as you with me,]* He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *—case me in leather.]* Sill alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.]* So, in our poet's 47th Sonnet:

“When that mine eye is famish'd for a look.” MALONE.



Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state:  
 What ruins are in me, that can be found  
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground  
 Of my defeatures:<sup>7</sup> My decayed fair<sup>8</sup>  
 A funny look of his would soon repair:  
 But, too unruly deer,<sup>9</sup> he breaks the pale,  
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Of my defeatures:]* By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *My decayed fair* — ] Shakspeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. Τὸ μὲν καλὸν, is a similar expression. In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

“Demetrius loves your *fair*.”

Again, in *Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet*:

“Before these bastard signs of *fair* were born.”

Again, in his *83d Sonnet*:

“And therefore to your *fair* no painting set.”

*Pure* is likewise used as a substantive in *The Shepherd to the Flowers*, a song in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“Do pluck your *pure*, ere Phœbus view the land.”

STEEVENS.

*Fair* is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakspeare's time. So Marston in one of his satires:

“As the greene meads, whose native outward *faire*

“Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air.”

FARMER.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *too unruly deer,*] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on *The ladies Girdle*:

“This was my heaven's extremeſt ſphere,

“The pale that held my lovely *deer*.” JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has played upon this word in the same manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,

“Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,

“I'll be thy park, and thou ſhalt be my *deer*,

“Feed where thou wilt on mountain or on dale.”

The lines of Waller ſeem to have been immediately copied from theſe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *poor I am but his ſtale.* ] The word *ſtale*, in our author,



LUC. Self-harming jealousy?—fie, beat it hence.

ADR. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere ;  
Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?  
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain ;—  
Would that alone alone he would detain,<sup>3</sup>

used as a substantive, means not something offered to *allure* or *attract*, but something *vitiating* with *use*, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor mistakes the use of the word *stale* on this occasion. “ *Stale* to catch these thieves,” in *The Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the mask under which he covers his amours. So, in *K. John and Matilda*, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the queen says to Matilda:

“ ——— I am made your *stale*,

“ The king, the king your strumpet,” &c.

Again,

“ ——— I knew I was made !

“ A *stale* for her obtaining.”

Again, in *The Misfortune of Arthur*, 1587 :

“ Was I then chose and wedded for his *stale*,

“ To looke and gape for his retireless sayles

“ Pust back and flittering spread to every winde?”

Again, in the old translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence, perhaps, Shakspeare borrowed the expression:

“ He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock.” STEEVENS.

In *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592. A *stale* is the confederate of a thief, “ he that faceth the man,” or holds him in discourse. Again, in another place, “ wishing all, of what estate soever, to beware of filthy lust, and such damnable *stales*,” &c. A *stale* in this last instance means the pretended wife of a *cross-biter*.

Perhaps, however, *stale* may here have the same meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity.*

COLLINS.

<sup>3</sup> *Would that alone alone he would detain,*] The first copy reads :  
*Would that alone a love,* &c.

The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.



So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !  
 I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
 Will lose his beauty ; and though gold 'bides still,  
 That others touch, yet often touching will  
 Wear gold : and so no man, that hath a name,  
 But falshood and corruption doth it shame,<sup>4</sup>  
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

LUC. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy ! }  
 [ *Exeunt.* ]

<sup>4</sup> *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
 Will lose his beauty ; and though gold 'bides still,  
 That others touch, yet often touching will  
 Wear gold : and so no man, that hath a name,  
 But falshood and corruption doth it shame.* ] The sense is this,

“ Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling ; however, often touching will wear even gold ; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falshood and corruption.” *WARBURTON.*

Mr. Heath reads thus :

— yet the gold 'bides still,  
 That others touch, though often touching will  
 Wear gold : and so a man that hath a name,  
 By falshood and corruption doth it shame. *STEEVENS.*

This passage in the original copy is very corrupt. It reads —

— yet the gold 'bides still  
 That others touch ; and often touching will  
 Where gold ; and no man, that hath a name  
 By falshood, &c.

The word *though* was suggested by Mr. Steevens ; all the other emendations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton. *Wear* is used as a dissyllable. The commentator last mentioned, not perceiving this, reads—and so no man, &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by the subsequent editors.

The observation concerning gold is found in one of the early dramattick pieces, *Damon and Pythias*, 1582 :

“ — gold in time does wear away,  
 “ And other precious things do fade : friendship does never decay.” *MALONE.*



## S C E N E II.

*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

ANT. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up  
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave  
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
By computation, and mine host's report,  
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first  
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, fir? is your merry humour alter'd?  
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?  
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

DRO. S. What answer, fir? when spake I such a  
word?

ANT. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour  
since.

DRO. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

ANT. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;  
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

DRO. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:  
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

ANT. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the  
teeth?



Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and  
that. [beating him.]

DRO. S. Hold, fir, for God's sake: now your jest  
is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANT. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes  
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
Your fauciness will jest upon my love,  
And make a common of my serious hours.<sup>4</sup>  
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,  
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.  
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,<sup>5</sup>  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

DRO. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave  
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use  
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,  
and insconce it too; <sup>6</sup> or else I shall seek my wit in  
my shoulders. But, I pray, fir, why am I beaten?

ANT. S. Dost thou not know?

DRO. S. Nothing, fir; but that I am beaten.

ANT. S. Shall I tell you why?

DRO. S. Ay, fir, and wherefore; for, they say,  
every why hath a wherefore.

<sup>4</sup> *And make a common of my serious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them  
when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined  
to common use, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ————*know my aspect,*] i. e. study my countenance. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ————*and insconce it too;*] A *sconce* was a petty fortification.

So, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:

“Let us to our *sconce*, and you my lord of Mexico.”

Again:

“Ay, firs, *ensconce* you how you can.”

Again:

“And here *ensconce* myself, despite of thee.” STEEVENS.



ANT. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then,  
wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

DRO. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out  
of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither  
rhyme nor reason?—

Well, fir, I thank you.

ANT. S. Thank me, fir? for what?

DRO. S. Marry, fir, for this something that you  
gave me for nothing.

ANT. S. I'll make you amends next,<sup>7</sup> to give you  
nothing for something. But say, fir, is it dinner-  
time?

DRO. S. No, fir; I think, the meat wants that I  
have.

ANT. S. In good time, fir, what's that?

DRO. S. Basting.

ANT. S. Well, fir, then 'twill be dry.

DRO. S. If it be, fir, I pray you eat none of it.

ANT. S. Your reason?

DRO. S. Lest it make you cholerick,<sup>8</sup> and purchase  
me another dry basting.

ANT. S. Well, fir, learn to jest in good time;  
There's a time for all things.

DRO. S. I durst have denied that, before you  
were so cholerick.

<sup>7</sup> —next,] Our author probably wrote—next time.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Lest it make you cholerick, &c.] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

“And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

“For it engenders choler, planteth anger,” &c.

STEEVENS.



ANT. S. By what rule, fir?

DRO. S. Marry, fir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

ANT. S. Let's hear it.

DRO. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

ANT. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?<sup>9</sup>

DRO. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

ANT. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?<sup>2</sup>

DRO. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair,<sup>3</sup> he hath given them in wit.

ANT. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DRO. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ———by *fine and recovery*?] This attempt at pleasantry must have originated from our author's clerkship to an attorney. He has other jokes of the same school. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Ant. S. *Why is Time, &c.*] In former editions:

Ant. *Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?*

Dro. S. *Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.*

Surely, this is mock-reasoning, and a contradiction in sense. Can hair be supposed a blessing, which Time bestows on beasts peculiarly; and yet that he hath scanted them of it too? Men and Them, I observe, are very frequently mistaken, vice versa, for each other, in the old impressions of our author. THEOBALD.

The same error is found in the Induction to *K. Henry IV.* P. II. edit. 1623:

"Stuffing the ears of them with false reports." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.*] That is, Those who have more hair than wit, are easily entrapped by loose



ANT. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

DRO. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

ANT. S. For what reason?

DRO. S. For two; and found ones too.

ANT. S. Nay, not found, I pray you.

DRO. S. Sure ones then.

ANT. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.<sup>4</sup>

DRO. S. Certain ones then.

ANT. S. Name them.

DRO. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring;<sup>5</sup> the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

ANT. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time<sup>6</sup> for all things.

DRO. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time<sup>7</sup> to recover hair lost by nature.

women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"—— Your women are so hot, I must lose my hair in their company, I see."

"His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——*falsing*.] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *false*. Mr. Heath would read *falling*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——*that he spends in tiring*;] The old copy reads—in *trying*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——*there is no time*——] The old copy reads—*here*, &c. The editor of the second folio made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——*no time*, &c.] The first folio has—in no time, &c. *In* was rejected by the editor of the second folio. Perhaps the word should rather have been corrected. The author might have written



ANT. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

DRO. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

ANT. S. I knew, 't would be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us<sup>6</sup> yonder?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

ADR. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st  
VOW

That never words were musick to thine ear,<sup>7</sup>  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd,<sup>8</sup> or carv'd to thee.  
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,  
That thou art then estranged from thyself?  
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,  
That, undividable, incorporate,

—e'en no time, &c. See many instances of this corruption in a note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act 1. sc. 1. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —wafts us —] i. e. beckons us. So, in *Hamlet*:

"It wafts me still:—go on, I'll follow thee." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *That never words were musick to thine ear,*] Imitated by Pope in his *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*:

"My musick then you could for ever hear,

"And all my words were musick to your ear."

*Epistle from Sappho to Phaon.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —look'd, touch'd,] The old copy redundantly reads—*or* look'd, *or* touch'd. STEEVENS.



Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me ;  
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall<sup>9</sup>  
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,  
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
 Without addition, or diminishing,  
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.  
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious ?  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate ?  
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,  
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?  
 I know thou canst ; and therefore, see, thou do it.  
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust :<sup>2</sup>  
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,  
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
 Being strumpeted<sup>3</sup> by thy contagion.

<sup>9</sup> ——may'st thou fall—] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *Othello* :

“Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust :*] Both the integrity  
 of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, shew  
 that we should read :

——with the grime of lust :

i. e. the *stain*, smut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over  
 shoes in the grime of it.* WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Being strumpeted*—] Shakspeare is not singular in his use of  
 this verb. So, in Heywood's *Iron age*, 1632 :

“By this adulteress basely *strumpeted*.”

Again :

“I have *strumpeted* no Agamemnon's queen.

STEEVENS.



Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;  
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.<sup>4</sup>

ANT. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know  
you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;  
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
Want wit in all one word to understand.

LUC. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd  
with you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?  
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANT. S. By Dromio?

DRO. S. By me?

ADR. By thee; and this thou didst return from  
him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows  
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

ANT. S. Did you converse, fir, with this gentle-  
woman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

DRO. S. I, fir? I never saw her till this time.

ANT. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very  
words

<sup>4</sup> *I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.*] To *distain* (from the French word, *destaindre*) signifies, to *stain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read, *un-stain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the preposition a *privative* force, read *dis-stain'd*; and then it will mean, *un-stain'd*, *undefiled*. THEOBALD.

I would read:

*I live distained, thou dishonoured.*

That is, As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also  
live distained. HEATH.



Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

DRO. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

ANT. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

ADR. How ill agrees it with your gravity;  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?  
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,<sup>5</sup>  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;<sup>6</sup>  
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,<sup>7</sup>  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

<sup>5</sup> ——— you are from me exempt,] *Exempt*, separated, parted. The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

Johnson says that *exempt* means *separated*, *parted*; and the use of the word in that sense may be supported by a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Triumph of Honour*, where Valerius, in the character of Mercury, says,

“To shew rash vows cannot bind destiny,

“Lady, behold the rocks transported be.

“Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, lest for contempt

“They fix you there a rock, whence *they're exempt*.”

Yet I think that Adriana does not use the word *exempt* in that sense, but means to say, that as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong.

M. MASON,

<sup>6</sup> *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;*]

“Lenta, qui, velut adfitas

“Vitis implicat arbores,

“Implicabitur in tuum

“Complexum.” *Catull.* 57.

So Milton, *Par. Lost.* B. V:

“—— They led the vine

“To wed her elm. She spous'd, about him twines

“Her marriageable arms.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— stronger state,] The old copy has — stranger. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;<sup>8</sup>  
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

ANT. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for  
 her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?  
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?  
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.<sup>9</sup>

LUC. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for  
 dinner.

DRO. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sin-  
 ner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—  
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— idle moss;] i. e. moss that produces no fruit, but being  
 unfertile is useless. So, in *Othello*:

“ ——— antres vast and deserts idle.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— the offer'd fallacy.] The old copy has:  
 ——— the free'd fallacy.

Which perhaps was only, by mistake, for  
 ——— the offer'd fallacy.

This conjecture is from an anonymous correspondent.

Mr. Pope reads — favour'd fallacy. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites,] Here Mr.  
 Theobald calls out in the name of *Nonsense*, the first time he had  
 formally invoked her, to tell him how owls could suck their breath,  
 and pinch them black and blue. He therefore alters owls to ouphs,  
 and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his  
 emendation. But, for all this, we must not part with the old read-  
 ing. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that  
 the scritch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the  
 cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were  
 supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children,  
*strega* from *strix*, the scritch-owl. This superstition they had de-  
 rived from their pagan ancestors, as appears from this passage of  
 Ovid:



If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

LUCE. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st  
not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!<sup>3</sup>

*Sunt avidæ volucres; non quæ Phineia mensis  
Guttura fraudabant; sed genus inde trahunt.  
Grande caput; stantes oculi; rostra apta rapinæ;  
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.  
Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes,  
Et vitiant cunis corpora raptâ suis.  
Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris,  
Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.  
Est illis strigibus nomen: — Lib. vi. Fast. WARBURTON.*

Ghastly owls accompany *elvish* ghosts in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* for June. So, in Sherringham's *Discerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine*, p. 333. "Lares, Lemures, Stryges, Lamiae, Manes (Gastæ dicti) & similes monstrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea dicebantur." Much the same is said in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113. TOLLET.

Owls are also mentioned in *Cornucopiæ, or Pasquil's Night-cap, or Antidote for the Headach*, 1623, p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darksome night,

"No oules, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright."

STEEVENS.

How, it is objected, should Shakspeare know that *striges* or scritch-owls were considered by the Romans as witches? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following passage in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605, afford the best answer to this question: "'Soul, I think, I am sure cross'd or witch'd with an owl.'" MALONE.

The epithet *elvish* is not in the *first* folio, but the second has—*elves*, which certainly was meant for *elvish*. STEEVENS.

All the emendations made in the second folio having been merely arbitrary, any other suitable epithet of two syllables may have been the poet's word. Mr. Rowe first introduced—*elvish*. MALONE.

I am satisfied with the epithet—*elvish*. It was probably inserted in the second folio on some authority which cannot now be ascertained. It occurs again, in *King Richard III*:

"Thou *elvish*-mark'd abortive, rooting hog."

Why should a book which has often judiciously filled such vacuities, and rectified such errors, as disgrace the folio 1623, be so perpetually distrusted? STEEVENS.



DRO. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?<sup>4</sup>

ANT. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

DRO. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

ANT. S. Thou hast thine own form.

DRO. S. No, I am an ape.

LUC. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an afs.

DRO. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grafs.

'Tis so, I am an afs; else it could never be,  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADR. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—  
Come, fir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
And shrive you<sup>5</sup> of a thousand idle pranks:  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—  
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

ANT. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

<sup>3</sup> *Dromio, thou drone, &c.*] The old copy reads —

*Dromio, thou Dromio, snail, thou slug, thou sot!* STEEVENS.

This verse is half a foot too long; my correction cures that fault: besides *drone* corresponds with the other appellations of reproach. THEOBALD.

*Drone* is also a term of reproach applied by Shylock to Launcelot in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — he sleeps by day

“ More than the wild cat; *drones* hive not with me.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — am not I?] Old copy — am *I not*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And shrive you* — ] That is, I will *call you to confession*, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*: “ — not *shriving* time allow'd.” STEEVENS.



Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd;  
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!  
 I'll say as they, and persevere so,  
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

DRO. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADR. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your  
 pate.

LUC. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.  
 [Exeunt.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,  
 ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

ANT. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse  
 us all;<sup>5</sup>

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:  
 Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,  
 To see the making of her carkanet,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;*] I suppose, the word  
 — *all*, which overloads the measure, without improvement of the  
 sense, might be safely omitted, as an interpolation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *carcanet*,] Seems to have been a necklace or rather chain,  
 perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his  
 poem:

“ *The empress spreads her carcanets.*” JOHNSON.

“ *Quarquan, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiselles.*”  
*Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *Carkanet* seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or  
 strung with pearls. Thus in *Partheneia Sacra*, &c. 1633: “ Seeke  
 not vermillion or ceruse in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on  
 the wrist, rubie *carcanets* on the neck, and a most exquisite fan of  
 feathers in the hand.”



And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
 But here's a villain, that would face me down  
 He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,  
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;  
 And that I did deny my wife and house:—  
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by  
 this?

DRO. E. Say what you will, fir, but I know what  
 I know:  
 That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to  
 show:  
 If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave  
 were ink,  
 Your own handwriting would tell you what I  
 think.

ANT. E. I think, thou art an afs.

DRO. E. Marry, so it doth appear  
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.<sup>7</sup>

Again, in *Histrionastix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610:

“Nay, I'll be matchless for a *carcanet*,  
 “Whose pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks  
 “Shall circle this fair neck to set it forth.”

Again, in Sir W. Davenant's comedy of the *Wits*, 1636:

“——she sat on a rich Persian quilt  
 “Threading a *carcanet* of pure round pearl  
 “Bigger than pigeons eggs.”

Again, in *The Changes, or Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“——the drops  
 “Shew like a *carcanet* of pearl upon it.”

In the play of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, the word *carcanet*  
 occurs eight or nine times. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.] Thus all the  
 printed copies; but certainly, this is cross-purposes in reasoning.  
 It appears, Dromio is an afs by his making no resistance; because  
 an afs. being kick'd; kicks again. Our author never argues at this  
 wild rate, where his text is genuine. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald, instead of *doth*, reads — *don't*. MALONE.



I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that  
pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an  
ass.

ANT. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray  
god, our cheer  
May answer my good will, and your good welcome  
here.

BAL. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your  
welcome dear.

ANT. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or  
fish,  
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty  
dish.

BAL. Good meat, sir, is common; that every  
churl affords.

ANT. E. And welcome more common; for that's  
nothing but words.

BAL. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a  
merry feast.

ANT. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more spar-  
ing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good  
part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better  
heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

DRO. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,  
Jen'!

I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that his  
*wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *ass*; but immediately, with a cor-  
rection of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in  
conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should,  
when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.



DRO. S. [*within.*] Mome,<sup>8</sup> malt-horse, capon, cox-comb, idiot, patch!<sup>9</sup>

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch :

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

DRO. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

DRO. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

ANT. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

DRO. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

ANT. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

DRO. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

<sup>8</sup> *Mome,*] A dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one flakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence. HAWKINS.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

" Important are th' affairs we have in hand;

" Hence with that *Mome!*"

" — *Brutus*, forbear the presence." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *patch!*] i. e. fool. Alluding to the particoloured coats worn by the licensed fools or jesters of the age. So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— what soldiers, *patch?*"

See notes on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, A& III. sc. ii. and *The Merchant of Venice*, A& I. sc. i. STEEVENS.



ANT. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from  
the house I owe?<sup>2</sup>

DRO. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my  
name is Dromio.

DRO. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine  
office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle  
blame.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,  
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,  
or thy name for an afs.

LUCE. [*within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio,  
who are those at the gate?

DRO. E. Let my master in, Luce.

LUCE. Faith no; he comes too late;  
And so tell your master.

DRO. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—  
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

LUCE. Have at you with another: that's,—When?  
can you tell?

DRO. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou  
hast answer'd him well.

ANT. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us  
in, I hope?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *I owe?*] i. e. I own, am owner of. So, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

“Who owes that shield?”

“I:—and who owes that?” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *I hope?*] A line either preceding or following this, has, I believe, been lost. Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—I *trou*; but that word, and *hope*, were not likely to be confounded by either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

The text, I believe, is right, and means—I *expect* you'll let us in. To *hope*, in ancient language, has sometimes this signification.



LUCE. I thought to have ask'd you.

DRO. S. And you said, no.

DRO. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

ANT. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

LUCE. Can you tell for whose sake?

DRO. E. Master, knock the door hard.

LUCE. Let him knock till it ake.

ANT. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

LUCE. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

ADR. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

DRO. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

ANT. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

ADR. Your wife, fir knave! go, get you from the door.

DRO. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go fore.

ANG. Here is neither cheer, fir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

BAL. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.<sup>4</sup>

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— I cannot hope

" Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together."

Again, in Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:

" Our manciple I hope he wol be ded." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *we shall part with neither.*] In our old language, *to part* signified *to have part*. See Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, ver. 9504:



DRO. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

ANT. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

DRO. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and fold.<sup>5</sup>

ANT. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

DRO. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

DRO. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

DRO. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

DRO. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

DRO. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

ANT. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

DRO. E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

"That no wight with his blisse *parten* shall."

The French use *partir* in the same sense. TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *bought and sold.* ] This is a proverbial phrase. "To be bought and sold in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.



For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :

If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together.<sup>6</sup>

ANT. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

BAL. Have patience, fir ; O, let it not be so ;  
Herein you war against your reputation,  
And draw within the compass of suspect  
The unviolated honour of your wife.  
Once this.<sup>7</sup> — Your long experience of her wisdom,  
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part<sup>8</sup> some cause to you unknown ;  
And doubt not, fir, but she will well excuse  
Why at this time the doors are made against you.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *we'll pluck a crow together.* ] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and says, that for his part he had

— *tantum upupam.*

*Upupa* signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Once this,* ] This expression appears to me so singular, that I cannot help suspecting the passage to be corrupt. MALONE.

*Once this*, may mean, *once for all, at once.* So, in Sydney's *Arcadia*, Book I: "Some perchance loving my estate, others my person. But *once*, I know all of them," &c.—Again, *ibid.* B. III:—"She hit him, with his own sword, such a blow upon the waste, that she almost cut him asunder: *once* she sundred his soule from his body, sending it to Proserpina, an angry goddess against ravishers." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Your long experience of her wisdom,*—

*Plead on her part*— ] The old copy reads *your*, in both places. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *the doors are made against you.* ] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read :



Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,  
 And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:  
 And, about evening, come yourself alone,  
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
 A vulgar comment will be made on it;  
 And that supposed by the common rout<sup>2</sup>  
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:  
 For slander lives upon succession;<sup>3</sup>  
 For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.<sup>4</sup>

ANT. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth,<sup>5</sup> mean to be merry.

—— *the doors are barr'd against you.*

To *make* the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *supposed by the common rout* —] For *supposed* I once thought it might be more commodious to substitute *supported*; but there is no need of change: *supposed* is founded on *supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *upon succession*; *Succession* is often used as a quadrisyllable by our author, and his contemporaries. So A& IV. sc. i. line 5. *satisfaction* composes half a verse:

“Therefore make present *satisfaction* —.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.*] The adverb *once* is wanting in the first folio. STEEVENS.

The second folio has *once*; which rather improves the sense, and is not inconsistent with the metre. TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> *And, in despite of mirth,*] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and therefore, has put *wrath* instead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of spite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the most unpleasing to me. WARBURTON.

Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. HEATH.



I know a wench of excellent discourse,—  
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—  
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,  
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)  
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;  
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,  
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:  
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;  
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow  
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)  
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:  
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

ANG. I'll meet you at that place, some hour  
hence.

ANT. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some ex-  
pence. [ *Exeunt.*



## S C E N E II.

*The same.**Enter* LUCIANA <sup>4</sup> *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

LUC. And may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate? <sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Enter* Luciana—] Here, in the old blundering first folio, we find,  
 “*Enter Juliana.*”—Corrected in the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *that you have quite forgot, &c.* ] In former copies:

*And may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
 Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?*

This passage has hitherto labour'd under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? and shall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at press, as I take it. This scene for fifty-two lines successively is strictly in alternate rhymes; and this measure is never broken, but in the *second* and *fourth* lines of these two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monosyllable dropt from the tail of the second verse: and I have ventured to supply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendations are—the word—*hate*, supplied at the end of the second line, and, in the fourth, *building* given instead of *buildings*. STEEVENS.

*Love-springs* are young plants or shoots of love. Thus in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher:

“The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *springs*  
 “That sits alone in sorrow.”

See a note on the second scene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, and Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Vol. X. p. 44, n. 9, where the meaning of this expression is more fully dilated.



If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more  
kindness:

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
Muffle your false love with some show of blind-  
ness:

Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

The rhyme which M. Theobald would restore, stands thus in the old edition:

— shall Antipholus —.

If therefore instead of *ruinate* we should read *ruinous*, the passage may remain as it was originally written: and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we should read *Antiphilus*, a name which Shakespeare might have found in some quotation from Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antiphilus* is also one of the heroes in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

*Ruinous* is justified by a passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. sc. iv:

“Left growing *ruinous* the building fall.”

Throughout the first folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipholis*, even where the rhyme is not concerned; and were the rhyme defective here, such transgressions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS:

*Antipholis* occurs, I think, but thrice in the original copy. I have therefore adhered to the other spelling. MALONE.

*Shall love in building grow so ruinate?* ] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

“And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built anew*——.”

In support of Mr. Theobald's first emendation, a passage in our author's 10th Sonnet may be produced:

“—— thou art so possess'd with murderous *hate*,

“That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,

“Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,

“Which to repair should be thy chief desire.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“To *ruinate* proud *buildings* with thy hours.”

Stowe uses the adjective *ruinate* in his *Annales*, p. 892. “The last year at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate——.”

MALONE.



Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;  
 Be secret-false : What need she be acquainted ?  
 What simple thief brags of his own attaint ?<sup>6</sup>  
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :  
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;  
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,<sup>7</sup>  
 Being compact of credit,<sup>8</sup> that you love us ;  
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;  
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;  
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :  
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,<sup>9</sup>  
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  
 ANT. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,  
 I know not,  
 Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine.)  
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show  
 not,  
 Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.

<sup>6</sup> ———his own attaint?] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Alas, poor women! make us but believe, &c.*] The old copy—*not*. STEEVENS.

From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not*,) got place in the first copies instead of *but*. And these two monosyllables have by mistake reciprocally dispossest'd one another in many other passages of our author's works. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> *Being compact of credit,*] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*. So, in Heywood's *Iron age*, Part II. 1632:

“ ———she's compact

“ Merely of blood——.”

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Love is a spirit all compact of fire.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———*vain,*] Is light of tongue, not veracious. JOHNSON.



Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;  
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,  
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
 The folded meaning of your word's deceit.  
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,  
 To make it wander in an unknown field?  
 Are you a god? would you create me new?  
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.  
 But if that I am I, then well I know,  
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;  
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.  
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid,<sup>2</sup> with thy note,  
 To drown me in thy sister's flood<sup>3</sup> of tears;  
 Sing, fiend, for thyself, and I will dote:  
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
 And as a bed I'll take thee,<sup>4</sup> and there lie;  
 And, in that glorious supposition, think  
 He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—  
 Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——*sweet mermaid*,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *fiend*. So in the Index to P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. "*Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their songs enchaunments." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——*in thy sister's flood*—] The old copy reads—*sister*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——*as a bed I'll take thee*,] The old copy reads—*as a bud*. Mr. Edwards suspects a mistake of one letter in the passage, and would read:

And as a bed I'll take *them*, and there lie.

Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:

As a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c.

i. e. I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or some other flower, and

" ——phoenix like beneath thine eye

" Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakspeare to shift hastily from one image to another.



LUC. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

ANT. S. Not mad, but mated;<sup>6</sup> how, I do not know.

LUC. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

ANT. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

LUC. Gaze where<sup>7</sup> you should, and that will clear your sight.

ANT. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive countenance from the following passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act. I. sc. ii:

"—— my bosom as a *bed*  
" Shall lodge thee."

Mr. Malone also thinks that *bed* is fully supported by the word—*lie*. STEEVENS.

The second folio has *bed*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> *Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!*] Mr. Ritson observes that *Love*, in the present instance, means *Venus*.

Thus in the old ballad of the Spanish Lady:

" I will spend my days in prayer,  
" *Love* and all her laws defy." STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Now for the love of *love*, and her soft hours—."

Again, more appositely, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,  
" Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire."

Venus is here speaking of herself.

Again, *ibidem*:

" *She's love*, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Not mad, but mated*:] i. e. confounded. So, in *Macbeth*:

" My mind *she has mated*, and amaz'd my sight," STEEVENS.

I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife*: and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a husband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses.

M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *Gaze where—*] The old copy reads, *when*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



LUC. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

ANT. S. Thy sister's sister.

LUC. That's my sister.

ANT. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;  
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;  
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.<sup>8</sup>

LUC. All this my sister is, or else should be,

ANT. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:<sup>9</sup>  
 Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;  
 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:  
 Give me thy hand.

LUC. O, soft, fir, hold you still;  
 I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[Exit LUC.]

*Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,  
 DROMIO of Syracuse.*

ANT. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st  
 thou so fast?

<sup>8</sup> *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ———for I aim thee:] The old copy has,  
 ———for I am thee.

Some of the modern editors—

I mean thee.

Perhaps we should read:

———for I aim thee.

He has just told her, that she was his *sweet hope's aim*. So, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

“———like Cassius,

“Sits sadly dumping, aiming Cæsar's death.”

Again, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

“I make my changes aim one certain end.” STEEVENS.



DRO. S. Do you know me, fir? am I Dromio?  
am I your man? am I myself?

ANT. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man?  
thou art thyself.

DRO. S. I am an afs, I am a woman's man, and  
besides myself.

ANT. S. What woman's man? and how besides  
thyself?

DRO. S. Marry, fir, besides myself, I am due to  
a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me,  
one that will have me.

ANT. S. What claim lays she to thee?

DRO. S. Marry, fir, such claim as you would  
lay to your horse; and she would have me as a  
beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me;  
but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays  
claim to me.

ANT. S. What is she?

DRO. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one  
as a man may not speak of, without he say, fir-  
reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and  
yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANT. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

DRO. S. Marry, fir, she's the kitchen-wench,  
and all grease; and I know not what use to put  
her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from  
her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and  
the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if  
she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer  
than the whole world.

ANT. S. What complexion is she of?

DRO. S. Swart,<sup>2</sup> like my shoe, but her face no-

<sup>2</sup> Swart,] i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown. Thus in  
Milton's *Comus*, v. 436:



thing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

ANT. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

DRO. S. No, fir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

ANT. S. What's her name?

DRO. S. Nell, fir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.<sup>2</sup>

ANT. S. Then she bears some breadth?

DRO. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

ANT. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DRO. S. Marry, fir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

ANT. S. Where Scotland?

“No goblin, or *swart* fairy of the mine.”

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“And whereas I was black and *swart* before.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Dro. S. *Nell, fir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, &c.* The old copy reads—her name is three quarters. STEEVENS.

This passage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now easy and truly humorous. If a *conundrum* be restored, in setting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger in *The Old Law*, 1656:

“Cook. That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

“Clown. As long as she tarried with her husband she was *Ellen*, but after she came to Troy she was *Nell* of Troy.

“Cook. Why did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

“Clown. She grew longer, if you mark the story, when she grew to be an *ell*, &c. MALONE.



DRO. S. I found it by the barrenness ; hard, in the palm of the hand.

ANT. S. Where France ?

DRO. S. In her forehead ; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *In her forehead ; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.*] All the other countries, mentioned in this description, are in Dromio's replies satirically characterized : but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France ; nor any reason given, why it should be in her forehead : but only the kitchen wench's high forehead is rallied, as pushing back her hair. Thus all the modern editions ; but the first folio reads—*making war against her heir*.——And I am very apt to think, this last is the true reading ; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is designed in the poet's allusion : and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being stabb'd, and dying of his wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his successor : but whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making war against her heir. Now, as, in 1591, queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the Earl of Essex, to the assistance of this Henry of Navarre, it seems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the finest address imaginable in the poet to throw such an oblique sneer at France, for opposing the succession of that heir, whose claim his royal mistress, the queen, had sent over a force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrusted eruptions : by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *heir* ? The sense which I have given, immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arise to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without sending out conjecture in search of refinements. JOHNSON.



ANT. S. Where England?

DRO. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum—that ran between France and it.

ANT. S. Where Spain?

DRO. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

ANT. S. Where America, the Indies?

DRO. S. O, fir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armada's of carracks to be ballast<sup>4</sup> at her nose.

ANT. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

The present reading was introduced by the editor of the second folio.

I think with Sir T. Hanmer, that an equivocation *may* have been intended. It is of little consequence which of the two words is preserved in the text, if the author meant that two senses should be couched under the same term.—Dr. Johnson's objection, that “an equivocal term must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied,” appears to me not so well founded as his observations in general are; for, though a correct writer would observe that rule, our author is very seldom scrupulous in this particular, the terms which he uses in comparison scarcely ever answering exactly on both sides. However, as *hair* affords the clearest and most obvious sense, I have placed it in the text. In *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—

“This your *heire* of France hath blown this vice in me—” instead of *air*. In *Macbeth*, folio 1623, *heire* is printed for *hair*:

“Whose horrid image doth unfix my *heire*.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*, folio, 1623.

“—His meanest garment is dearer

“In my respect, than all the *heires* above thee.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —to be ballast—] The modern editors read—ballasted; the old copy *ballast*, which is right. Thus in *Hamlet*:

“—to have the engineer

“*Hoist* with his own petar.” i. e. *hoisted*. STEEVENS.



DRO. S. O, fir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd to her;<sup>5</sup> told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,<sup>6</sup> and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

ANT. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk, till thou return to me. If every one know us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

DRO. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,

'So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

ANT. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. She, that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

<sup>5</sup> ——— assur'd to her;] i. e. affianced to her. Thus in *King John*:

“For so I did when I was first *assur'd*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, &c.] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however, the Oxford editor thinks a *breast made of flint* better security, and has therefore put it in.

WARBURTON.



Hath almost made me traitor to myself:  
 But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,<sup>7</sup>  
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter* ANGELO.

ANG. Master Antipholus?

ANT. S. Ay, that's my name.

ANG. I know it well, fir: Lo, here is the chain;  
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:<sup>8</sup>  
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

ANT. S. What is your will, that I shall do with  
 this?

ANG. What please yourself, fir; I have made it  
 for you.

ANT. S. Made it for me, fir! I bespoke it not.

ANG. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you  
 have:

<sup>7</sup> ——— to *self-wrong*,] I have met with other instances of this kind of phraseology. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

“ To what we wildly do ”—.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*of self-wrong*.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— at the *Porcupine*:] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time.

I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewise in p. 66 of Ascham's *Works* by Bennet, and in Stowe's *Chronicle* in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

The word, although written *Porpentine* in the old editions of Shakspeare, was scarcely so pronounced, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, at least not generally: for in Eliot's *Dictionary*, 1545, and Cooper's *Dictionary*, 1584, it is—“ Porkepyne:” and in Hulet's *Abecedarium*, 1552.—“ Porpyn.” See a note on *The Tempest*, A&I. sc. ii. DOUCE.



Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;  
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
 And then receive my money for the chain.

ANT. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
 For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

ANG. You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well.  
 [Exit.

ANT. S. What I should think of this, I cannot  
 tell :

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,  
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
 I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;  
 If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

MER. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,  
 And since I have not much importun'd you ;  
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
 To Persia, and want gilders<sup>9</sup> for my voyage :  
 Therefore make present satisfaction,  
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

<sup>9</sup>—want gilders—] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and six-pence, to two shillings. STEEVENS.



ANG. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,  
Is growing to me<sup>2</sup> by Antipholus :  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock,  
I shall receive the money for the same ;  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

OFF. That labour may you save ; see where he comes.

ANT. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house,  
go thou

And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her confederates,<sup>3</sup>  
For locking me out of my doors by day.—  
But soft, I see the goldsmith :—get thee gone ;  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

DRO. E. I buy a thousand pound a year ! I buy  
a rope ! *[Exit DROMIO.]*

ANT. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you :  
I promised your presence, and the chain ;  
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me :  
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,  
If it were chain'd together ; and therefore came not.

ANG. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat ;  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion ;

<sup>2</sup> *Is growing to me—*] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *and her confederates,*] The old copy has—*their confederates.* The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
 Than I stand debted to this gentleman :  
 I pray you, see him presently discharged,  
 For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

ANT. E. I am not furnish'd with the present  
 money;

Besides, I have some business in the town :  
 Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
 And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
 Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;  
 Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.<sup>4</sup>

ANG. Then you will bring the chain to her your-  
 self?

ANT. E. No; bear't with you, lest I come not  
 time enough.

ANG. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain  
 about you?

ANT. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;  
 Or else you may return without your money.

ANG. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the  
 chain;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
 And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

ANT. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to  
 excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:  
 I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
 But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

MER. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

ANG. You hear, how he importunes me; the  
 chain—

<sup>4</sup> *Perchance, I will be there as soon as you,]* *I will, instead of I shall,* is a Scoticism. DOUCE.

And a Irishism too. REED.



ANT. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

ANG. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now ;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

ANT. E. Fie ! now you run this humour out of breath :

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you let me see it.

MER. My business cannot brook this dalliance :  
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no ;  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

ANT. E. I answer you ? What should I answer you ?

ANG. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

ANT. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

ANG. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

ANT. E. You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

ANG. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :  
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

MER. Well officer, arrest him at my suit.

OFF. I do ; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.

ANG. This touches me in reputation :—  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

ANT. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had !  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

ANG. Here is thy fee ; arrest him officer ;—  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

OFF. I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit.

ANT. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail :—



But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

ANG. Sir, fir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

DRO. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, fir, bears away:<sup>4</sup> our fraughtage, fir,  
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

ANT. E. How now! a madman! Why thou peevish  
sheep,<sup>5</sup>

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

DRO. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

ANT. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;  
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

DRO. S. You sent me, fir, for a rope's-end as soon:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *And then, fir, bears away:]* The old copy redundantly reads—

“And then, fir, *she* bears away: STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *thou peevish sheep,*] *Peevish* is silly. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:

“He's strange and *peevish*.”

See a note on Act I. sc. vii. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *You sent me, fir, for a ropes-end as soon:]* Mr. Malone says that *Ropes* is here a disyllable; the Saxon genitive case; but a Saxon genitive case accords better with one of Puck's lyrical effusions, [See Vol. VII. p. 29.] than with the vulgar pronunciation of Dromio.—I suppose, a word has been casually omitted in the old copy, and that we should read as I have printed. So, above, the same speaker says—

“And then, *fir*, bears away: our fraughtage, *fir*—.”

STEEVENS.



You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

ANT. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.  
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;  
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,  
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;  
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone,  
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*

DRO. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowfabel<sup>7</sup> did claim me for her husband:  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

## S C E N E II.

*The same.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

ADR. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Where Dowfabel*——] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Pastorals:

“He had, as antique stories tell,

“A daughter cleaped *Dowfabel*,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——*meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in



LUC. First, he denied you had in him no right.

ADR. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

LUC. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

ADR. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were,

LUC. Then pleaded I for you.

ADR. And what said he?

LUC. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

ADR. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

LUC. With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

ADR. Did'st speak him fair?

LUC. Have patience, I beseech.

ADR. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

the shock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place: [*King Henry IV. P. I. Sc. i.*]

"Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
"All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
"Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
"And furious close of civil butchery." WARBURTON.

The allusion is more clearly explained by the following comparison in the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
"Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
"To battle in the clouds, before each van  
"Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
"Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
"From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

STEEVENS.

The original copy reads — *Oh, his heart's meteors, &c.* The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.



He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,<sup>9</sup>  
 Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;  
 Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;  
 Stigmatical in making,<sup>2</sup> worse in mind.

LUC. Who would be jealous then of such a one?  
 No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

ADR. Ah! but I think him better than I say,  
 And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:  
 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:<sup>3</sup>  
 My heart prays for him, though my tongue do  
 curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

DRO. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet  
 now, make haste.

LUC. How hast thou lost thy breath?

DRO. S. By running fast.

ADR. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

DRO. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:

<sup>9</sup> — *fere*, That is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

So, in Milton's *Lycidas*: "—ivy never *fere*." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1635:

"If you spy any man that hath a look,

"*Stigmatically* drawn, like to a fury's," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Far from her nest the lapwing*, &c.] This expression seems to be proverbial, I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his *Second Part of Conny-Catching*, 1592, says:—"But again to our priggers, who, as before I said, *cry with the lapwing farthest from the nest*, and from their place of residence where their most abode is."

Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says—"he withdraweth men, *lapwing-like*, from his nest, as much as might be."

See this passage yet more amply explained in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Vol. VI. p. 36, n. 8. STEEVENS.



A devil in an everlasting garment<sup>4</sup> hath him,  
 One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;  
 A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;<sup>5</sup>  
 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;  
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-  
     termands  
 The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *an everlasting garment* — ] The sergeants in those days were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arrested Antipholus. *Buff* is also a cant expression for a man's skin, a covering which lasts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an *everlasting* garment: and in pursuance of this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the sergeant, in the next scene, the "Picture of old Adam;" that is of Adam before his fall, whilst he remained unclad: —

"What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?"

So, in *The Woman-Hater*, Pandar says, "Were it not for my smooth citizen, I'd quit this transitory trade, get me an *everlasting* robe, and turn sergeant." M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough*; ] Dromio here bringing word in haste that his master is arrested, describes the bailiff by names proper to raise horror and detestation of such a creature, such as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to these terrible ideas? we should read, *a fiend, a fury*, &c.

THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNSON.

So Milton:

"No goblin, or swart *fairy* of the mine,

"Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity." MALONE.

It is true that there is a species of malevolent and mischievous Fairies; but *Fairy*, as it here stands, is generical. T. WARTON.

<sup>6</sup> *A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, &c. of allies, creeks, and narrow lands*; ] It should be written, I think, narrow *lanes*, as he has the same expression in *K. Richard II.* Act V. sc. vi:

"Even such they say as stand in narrow lanes." GREY.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read — *lanes*. *Lands*, I believe, in the present instance, mean, what we now call *landing-places* at the water-side.

*A shoulder-clapper* is a bailiff: So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:



A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot  
well;<sup>7</sup>

One that, before the judgement, carries poor souls  
to hell.<sup>8</sup>

“ ———fear none but these same *shoulder-clappers*.”

STEEVENS.

*Narrow* lands is certainly the true reading, as not only the rhyme points out, but the sense; for as a *creek* is a narrow water, forming an inlet from the main body into the neighbouring shore, so a *narrow-land* is an outlet or tongue of the shore that runs into the water. — Besides, *narrow Lanes* and *Alleys* are synonymous.

HENLEY.

7 *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To run counter is to run backward, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to draw dry-foot is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to run counter and draw dry-foot well are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word counter, which means the wrong way in the chase, and a prison in London. The officer that arrested him was a sergeant of the counter. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same expression; *Every Man in his Humour*, Act II. sc. iv.

“ Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry-foot over Moorfields to London this morning,” &c.

To draw dry-foot, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is fam'd. GREY.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*:

“ A hunting, Sir Oliver, and dry-foot too!”

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“ I care not for dry-foot hunting.” STEEVENS.

8 ———poor souls to hell.] Hell was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in *The Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658:

“ In Wood-street's-hole, or Poultry's hell.”

The dark place into which a tailor throws his shreds, is still in possession of this title. So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ Taylors — 'tis known

“ They scorn thy hell, having better of their own.”

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer-chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had “ paid the uttermost farthing.” STEEVENS.



ADR. Why, man, what is the matter?

DRO. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.<sup>9</sup>

ADR. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

DRO. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;

But he's in<sup>2</sup> a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

'Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?

An account of the local situation of HELL may be found in the *Journals of the House of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83. as the commons passed through it to *K. William and Q. Mary's coronation*, and gave directions concerning it. In *Queen Elizabeth's time* the office of *Clerk of the Treasury* was situated there, as I find in *Sir James Dyer's reports*, fol. 245. a. where mention is made of "one Christopher Hole Secondary del Tresurie, & un auncient attorney and practiser in le office del Clerke del Tresurie al HELL."

This I take to be the *Treasury of the Court of Common Pleas*, of which *Sir James Dyer* was *Chief Justice*, and which is now kept immediately under the court of *Exchequer*. The *Office of the Tally-Court of the Chamberlain of the Exchequer* is still there, and tallies for many centuries back are piled up and preserved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the public Accounts*, which had become so numerous as to overstock the place in which they were kept at *Lincolns Inn*.—These therefore belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*.—Other rooms are turned into coal cellars.—There is a pump still standing of excellent water, called *HELL Pump*:—And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. VAILLANT.

<sup>9</sup> ——— on the case.] An action upon the case, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is still quibbling. His master's case was touched by the shoulder-clapper. See p. 281:—"in a case of leather," &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> But he's in —] The old copy reads — But is in. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.



ADR. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[Exit LUCIANA.

That he,<sup>3</sup> unknown to me, should be in debt:—  
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?<sup>4</sup>

DRO. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;  
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

ADR. What, the chain?

DRO. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were  
gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes  
one.

ADR. The hours come back! that did I never  
hear.

DRO. S. O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns  
back for very fear.

<sup>4</sup> *That he,*] The original copy has—*Thus he.* The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *was he arrested on a band?*] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read—*bond.* A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band.* A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth.* On this circumstance, I believe, the humour of the passage turns.

B. Jonson, personifying the instruments of the law, says:

“ ——— Statute, and *band*, and wax shall go with me.”

Again without personification:

“ See here your mortgage, statute, *band*, and wax.”

Again, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

“ ——— tye fast your lands

“ In statute staple, or these merchant's *bands.*”

STEEVENS.

*Band* is used in the sense which is couched under the words, “a stronger thing,” in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band.*”

See Minshew's Dict. 1617, in v. “BAND or Obligation.” In the same column is found “A BAND or thong to tie withal.” Also “A BAND for the neck, because it serves to *bind* about the neck.” These sufficiently explain the equivocal. MALONE.



ADR. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

DRO. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say, That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If he be in debt,<sup>5</sup> and theft, and a fergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Enter LUCIANA.*

ADR. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;<sup>6</sup>

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

*[Exeunt.]*

### S C E N E III.

*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

ANT. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;

And every one doth call me by my name.

<sup>5</sup> *If he be in debt,*] The old edition reads—If *I* be in debt.

STEEVENS.

For the emendation now made I am answerable. Mr. Rowe reads—If *time* &c. but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *he*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *conceit*;] i. e. fanciful conception. So, in *K. Lear*:

“ ——— I know not how *conceit* may rob

“ The treasury of life.” STEEVENS.



Some tender money to me, some invite me;  
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesſes;  
 Some offer me commodities to buy:  
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,  
 And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,  
 And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.  
 Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,  
 And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuſe.*

DRO. S. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for:  
 What, have you got the picture of old Adam new  
 apparell'd?<sup>5</sup>

ANT. S. What gold is this? What Adam doſt  
 thou mean?

DRO. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise,  
 but that Adam, that keeps the priſon: he that goes

<sup>5</sup> — *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*]  
 A ſhort word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome accident in  
 copying, or at preſs; otherwiſe I have no conception of the mean-  
 ing of the paſſage. The caſe is this. Dromio's maſter had been  
 arreſted, and ſent his ſervant home for money to redeem him: he,  
 running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom  
 he miſtakes for his maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the officer before  
 the money was come, he cries, in a ſurprize;

*What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*  
 For ſo I have ventured to ſupply, by conjecture. But why is the  
 officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The alluſion is to Adam  
 in his ſtate of innocence going naked; and immediately after the  
 fall, being cloath'd in a frock of ſkins. Thus he was new appa-  
 rell'd: and, in like manner, the ſergeants of the Counter were  
 formerly clad in buff, or calf's ſkin, as the author humorouſly a  
 little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to  
 be amended. JOHNSON.

Theſe jeſts on Adam's dreſs are common among our old writers.  
 So, in *King Edward III.* 1599:

“ The regiſter of all varieties

“ Since leathern Adam, to this younger hour.” STEEVENS.



in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, fir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

ANT. S. I understand thee not.

DRO. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, fir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, fir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike. ] *Sets up his rest*, is a phrase taken from military exercise. When gunpowder was first invented, its force was very weak compared to that in present use. This necessarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortened their arms and artillery; so that the cannon which Froissart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets;—so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *rest* stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the serjeant's office of arresting. But what most wants animadversion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the sense, and false in the allusion: no pike being used amongst the dancers so called, or at least not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakspeare wrote,

—— a Maurice-pike.

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was the greatest general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars against Spain, under whom all the English gentry and nobility were bred to the service. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unnecessarily of the *rest of a musket*, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the *rest of a musket*, to do exploits with a *pike*. The *rest of a pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great exploits were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shown. There is no need of change. JOHNSON.



ANT. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

DRO. S. Ay, fir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

ANT. S. Well, fir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to night? may we be gone?

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in first principles. "*Morespikes* (says Langley in his translation of *Polydore Virgil*) were used first in the siege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks*, "the English mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

*Polydore Virgil* does not mention *morris-pikes* at the siege of Capua, though Langley's translation of him advances their antiquity so high.

*Morris pikes*, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and since, the Spanish pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's *Legacy*, p. 48. TOLLET.

The mention of *morris-pikes* is frequent among our old writers. So, in Heywood's *K. Edward IV.* 1626:

"Of the French were beaten down

"*Morris-pikes* and bowmen," &c.

Again, in Holinshed, p. 816:

"\_\_\_\_\_ they entered the gallies again with *moris pikes* and fought," &c. STEEVENS.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnson's assertion that the *Morris-Pike* was used in the *Morris-dance*. Swords were sometimes used upon that occasion. It certainly means the *Moorish-pike*, which was very common in the 16th century. See Grose's *Hist. of the English Army*, Vol. I. p. 135. DOUCE.

The phrase—*he that sets up his rest*, in this instance, signifies only, I believe, "he that trusts"—is confident in his expectation. Thus, Bacon:—"Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes set up their REST upon the battle." Again, Clarendon—"they therefore resolved to set up their REST upon that stake, and to go through with it, or perish." This figure of speech is certainly derived from the REST which Dr. Warburton has described, as that was the only kind of rest which was ever set up. HENLEY.



DRO. S. Why, fir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

ANT. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
And here we wander in illusions;  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtezan.*

COUR. Well met, well met, master Antipholus. I see, fir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

ANT. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

DRO. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

ANT. S. It is the devil.

DRO. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

COUR. Your man and you are marvellous merry, fir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.<sup>7</sup>

DRO. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *We'll mend our dinner here.* ] i. e. by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.] The



ANT. S. Why, Dromio?

DRO. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

ANT. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a forcerers:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

COUR. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

DRO. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood,<sup>9</sup> a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,

Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

COUR. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

passage is wrong pointed, and the *or*, a mistake for *and*:

*Cour.* We'll mend our dinner here.

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon meat, *and* bespeak a long spoon. RITSON.

In the old copy *you* is accidentally omitted. It was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I believe some other words were passed over by the compositor,—perhaps of this import: —“if you do expect spoon-meat, *either stay away*, or bespeak a long spoon.”

The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in *The Tempest*. See Vol. IV. p. 81, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — a drop of blood,] So, in *The Witch* by Middleton, when a spirit descends, Hecate exclaims—

“There's one come downe to fetch his dues,

“A kisse, a coll, a *sip of blood*,” &c. STEEVENS.



ANT. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let  
us go.

DRO. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistrefs,  
that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. and DRO.*]

COUR. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,  
Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain;

Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

(Besides this present instance of his rage,)

Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now, to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,

He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away: This course I fittest choose;

For forty ducats is too much to lose. [ *Exit.*



## S C E N E IV.

*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

ANT. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break a-way ;

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day ;  
And will not lightly trust the messenger,  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:  
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money,  
How now, fir? have you that I sent you for?

DRO. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay  
them all. <sup>8</sup>

ANT. E. But where's the money?

DRO. E. Why, fir, I gave the money for the  
rope.

ANT. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a  
rope?

DRO. E. I'll serve you, fir, five hundred at the  
rate.

ANT. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

DRO. E. To a rope's end, fir; and to that end  
am I return'd.

<sup>8</sup> ——— will pay them all.] i. e. serve to hit, strike, correct them all. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "He pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on." STEEVENS.



ANT. E. And to that end, fir, I will welcome you.  
[ *beating him.*

OFF. Good fir, be patient.

DRO. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

OFF. Good now, hold thy tongue.

DRO. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

ANT. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

DRO. E. I would I were senseless, fir, that I might not feel your blows.

ANT. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

DRO. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.<sup>9</sup> I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with  
PINCH,<sup>2</sup> and Others.*

ANT. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

<sup>9</sup> — by my long ears.] He means, that his master had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — Pinch,] The direction in the old copy is, — “and a



DRO. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.<sup>2</sup>

ANT. E. Wilt thou still talk? [beats him.]

COUR. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

ADR. His incivility confirms no less.—  
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;  
Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will please you what you will demand.

LUC. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

COUR. Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

PINCH. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

ANT. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*schoolmaster called Pinch.*" In many country villages the pedagogue is still a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning *school-master* in England, I mean a cunning man as a schoolmaster; that is, a *conjurour*," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice funem*. But to what purpose, unless our author would show that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for *prophefying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, *Take heed, sir, my parrot prophefies*. To this, Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says:

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
"That speak and think contrary clean;  
"What member 'tis of whom they talk,  
"When they cry rope, and walk, knave, walk."

WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"But come, *respice funem*." STEEVENS.



PINCH. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;  
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

ANT. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

ADR. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

ANT. E. You minion, you, are these your customers? <sup>3</sup>

Did this companion <sup>4</sup> with the saffron face  
Revel and feast it at my house to day,  
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
And I denied to enter in my house?

ADR. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,  
Free from these flanders, and this open shame!

ANT. E. I din'd at home! <sup>5</sup> Thou villain, what say'st thou?

DRO. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

ANT. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

DRO. E. Perdy, <sup>6</sup> your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

<sup>3</sup> ——— your customers?] A *customer* is used in *Othello* for a common woman. Here it seems to signify one who visits such women. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— companion ——— ] A word of contempt, anciently used as we now use—*fellow*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> I din'd at home!] It is not found in the old copy. It was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Perdy,] A corruption of the common French oath—*Pardieu*. Chaucer's personages are frequent in their use of it. STEEVENS.



ANT. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

DRO. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

ANT. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt,  
and scorn me?

DRO. E. Certes,<sup>5</sup> she did; the kitchen-vestal<sup>6</sup>  
scorn'd you.

ANT. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

DRO. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

ADR. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

PINCH. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

ANT. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to  
arrest me.

ADR. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

DRO. E. Money by me? heart and good-will  
you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

ANT. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of  
ducats?

ADR. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

LUC. And I am witness with her, that she did.

DRO. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

PINCH. Mistress, both man and master is posses'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks;

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room,

<sup>5</sup> *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly.* So, in *The Tempest*:

“For *certes*, these are people of the island.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *kitchen-vestal*—] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.



ANT. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth  
to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

ADR. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

DRO. E. And gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

ADR. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in  
both.

ANT. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;  
And art confederate with a damned pack,  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:  
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,  
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[PINCH and his assistants bind ANT. and DROMIO.]

ADR. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come  
near me.

PINCH. More company; — the fiend is strong  
within him.

LUC. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he  
looks!

ANT. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler,  
thou,

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?

OFF.

Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

PINCH. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too;

ADR. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

OFF. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,

The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

<sup>7</sup> — *thou peevish officer?*] This is the second time that in the  
course of this play, *peevish* has been used for *foolish*. STEEVENS.



ADR. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:  
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,  
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

ANT. E. O most unhappy strumpet!<sup>7</sup>

DRO. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for  
you.

ANT. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost  
thou mad me?

DRO. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be  
mad,

Good master; cry, the devil.—

LUC. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

ADR. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with  
me.—

*Exeunt PINCH and assistants with ANT. and DRO.*  
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

OFF. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know  
him?

ADR. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

OFF. Two hundred ducats.

ADR. Say, how grows it due?

OFF. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

ADR. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it  
not.<sup>8</sup>

COUR. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day  
Came to my house, and took away my ring,

<sup>7</sup> ——— unhappy strumpet!] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the  
senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.*] I suppose, the  
words — *forme*, which spoil the metre, might safely be omitted.

STEEVENS.



(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)  
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

ADR. It may be so, but I did never see it:—  
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier  
drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

LUC. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

ADR. And come with naked swords; let's call  
more help,  
To have them bound again.

OFF. Away, they'll kill us.

*[Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.]*

ANT. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

DRO. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran  
from you.

ANT. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff<sup>9</sup>  
from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

DRO. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will  
surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair,  
give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle na-  
tion, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that  
claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart  
to stay here still, and turn witch.

ANT. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;  
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. *[Exeunt.]*

<sup>9</sup> — our stuff—] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were  
issued for the royal Progresses in the last century, the king's baggage  
was always thus denominated. MALONE.



## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The same.**Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

ANG. I am sorry, fir, that I have hinder'd you;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

MER. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

ANG. Of very reverent reputation, fir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

MER. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

ANG. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.  
Good fir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;  
And not without some scandal to yourself,  
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny  
This chain, which now you wear so openly:  
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:  
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

ANT. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

MER. Yes, that you did, fir; and forswore it too.

ANT. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?



MER. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

ANT. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:  
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

MER. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.  
[*They draw.*]

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and Others.*

ADR. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is  
mad;—

Some get within him,<sup>8</sup> take his sword away:  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

DRO. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake,  
take a house.<sup>9</sup>

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANTIPH. and DROMIO to the Priory.*]

*Enter the Abbess.*

ABB. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you  
hither?

ADR. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

ANG. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

MER. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

ABB. How long hath this possession held the man?

<sup>8</sup> —get within him,] i. e. close with him, grapple with him.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —take a house.] i. e. go into a house. So we say, a dog  
takes the water. STEEVENS.



ADR. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
And much, much different from the man he was;<sup>9</sup>  
But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

ABB. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at  
sea?

Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

ADR. To none of these, except it be the last;  
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

ABB. You should for that have reprehended him.

ADR. Why, so I did.

ABB. Ay, but not rough enough.

ADR. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

ABB. Haply, in private.

ADR. And in assemblies too.

ABB. Ay, but not enough.

ADR. It was the copy<sup>2</sup> of our conference:  
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;  
At board, he fed not for my urging it;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;  
In company, I often glanced it;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

ABB. And therefore came it, that the man was  
mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

<sup>9</sup> *And much, much different from the man he was;*] Thus the second folio. The first impairs the metre by omitting to repeat the word—*much*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the copy*—] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting copies for boys. STEEVENS.



It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :  
 \* And thereof comes it, that his head is light.  
 Thou say'st, his meat was fauc'd with thy upbraid-  
 ings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,  
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;  
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness?  
 Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:  
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
 But moody and dull melancholy,  
 (Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;<sup>3</sup>)  
 And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *But moody and dull melancholy,*

(*Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;*) Shakspeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the foolish insertion of the first editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as spurious. WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the second line, is a plain proof that some dissyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written:

*Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
 But moody [moping] and dull melancholy,  
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?  
 And at their heels a huge infectious troop.* — HEATH.

It has been observed to me that Mr. Capell reads:

But moody and dull melancholy, kins-  
 woman to grim and comfortless despair;

yet, though the Roman language may allow of such transfers from the end of one verse to the beginning of the next, the custom is unknown to English poetry, unless it be of the burlesque kind: It is too like Homer Travesty:

“ — On this, Agam —

“ memnon began to curse and damn.” STEEVENS.

*Kinsman* means no more than *near relation*. Many words are used by Shakspeare with much greater latitude.

Nor is this the only instance of such a confusion of genders. In *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia says,

“ — but now I was the lord

“ Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,

“ Queen o'er myself.” RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop —*] I have no doubt



Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?  
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:  
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

LUC. She never reprehended him but mildly,  
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.—  
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

ADR. She did betray me to my own reproof.—  
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

ABB. No, not a creature enters in my house.

ADR. Then, let your servants bring my husband  
 forth.

ABB. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,  
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

ADR. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
 And will have no attorney but myself;  
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

ABB. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,  
 Till I have used the approved means I have,  
 With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
 To make of him a formal man again:<sup>5</sup>  
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
 A charitable duty of my order;

the emendation proposed by Mr. Heath [*"their heels"*] is right. In the English manuscripts of our author's time the pronouns were generally expressed by abbreviations. In this very play we have already met *their* for *her*, which has been rightly amended:

"Among my wife and *their* confederates——." A& IV. sc. i.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *a formal man again:*] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. So, in *Measure for Measure*,—"informal women," for just the contrary. STEEVENS.



Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

ADR. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;  
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,  
To separate the husband and the wife.

ABB. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have  
him. [Exit Abbess.

LUC. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

ADR. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

MER. By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;  
The place of death<sup>6</sup> and sorry execution,<sup>7</sup>  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

ANG. Upon what cause?

MER. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay

<sup>6</sup> *The place of death* — ] The original copy has — *depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *sorry execution*, ] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Of *forriest* fancies your companion's making.”

*Sorry*, had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7283, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“ This Frere, whan he loked had his fill

“ Upon the turments of this *sory* place.”

Again, in *The Knightes Tale*, where the temple of Mars is described:

“ All full of chirking was that *sory* place.” STEEVENS.

Thus, Macbeth looking on his bloody hands after the murder of Duncan:

“ This is a *sorry* fight.” HENLEY.

Mr. Douce is of opinion, that *sorry*, in the text, is put for *sorrowful*. STEEVENS.



Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

ANG. See, where they come; we will behold his  
death.

LUC. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with the  
Headsmen and other Officers.*

DUKE. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

ADR. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

DUKE. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

ADR. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my  
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,<sup>8</sup>—this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desperately he hurried through the street,  
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)

<sup>8</sup> *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,]* Important seems to be used for im-  
portunate. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

“ ——— great France

“ My mourning and important tears hath pitied.”

Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576: “—yet  
won by importance accepted his courtesie.”

Shakspeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own,  
seems from this passage to allude to a *court of wards* in Ephesus.

The *court of wards* was always considered as a grievous oppression.  
It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of *Hycke Scorne*:

“ ——— these ryche men ben unkinde:

“ Wydowes do curse lordes and gentyllmen,

“ For they contrayne them to marry with their men;

“ Ye, wheder they well or no.” STEEVENS.



Doing displeasure to the citizens  
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
 Whilst to take order<sup>9</sup> for the wrongs I went,  
 That here and there his fury had committed.  
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,<sup>2</sup>  
 He broke from those that had the guard of him;  
 And, with his mad attendant and himself,<sup>3</sup>  
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
 Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,  
 We came again to bind them: then they fled  
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;  
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,  
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

DUKE. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my  
 wars;

<sup>9</sup> — *to take order* — ] i. e. *to take measures*. So, in *Othello*, A & V.

“Honest Iago hath *ta'en order* for it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *by what strong escape*, ] Though *strong* is not unintelligible, I suspect we should read — *strange*. The two words are often confounded in the old copies. MALONE.

A *strong escape*, I suppose, means an escape effected by *strength* or violence. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And, with his mad attendant and himself*, ] We should read:

— *mad himself*. WARBURTON.

We might read:

*And here his mad attendant and himself*.

Yet, as Mr. Ritson observes, the meeting to which Adriana alludes, not having happened before the abbey, we may more properly suppose our author wrote —

*And then his mad attendant and himself*. STEEVENS.

I suspect, Shakspeare is himself answerable for this inaccuracy.  
 MALONE.



And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed;  
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—  
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate;  
 And bid the lady abbess come to me;  
 I will determine this, before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose,  
 Beaten the maids a-row,<sup>4</sup> and bound the doctor,  
 Whose beard they have singed off with brands of  
 fire;<sup>5</sup>

And ever as it blazed, they threw on him  
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:

<sup>4</sup> *Beaten the maids a-row,*] i. e. successively, one after another. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6836, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“A thousand time a-row he gan hire kisse.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Hormanni Vulgaria*, p. 288:

“I shall tell thee arowe all that I sawe.”

“Ordine tibi visa omnia exponam.” DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> *Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;*] Such a ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but it is rather out of place in an epic poem, amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

“Obvius ambustum torrem Corinæus ab ara

“Corripit, & venienti Ebuso, plagamque ferenti,

“Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,

“Nidoremque ambusta dedit.” Virg. *Æneis*, Lib. XII.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have seen this method of shaving in the life of Dion, p. 167, 4to. See North's translation, in which *αὐθρακες* may be translated brands.

S. W.

North gives it thus—“with a hot burning cole to burne his goodly bush of heare rounde about.” STEEVENS.



My master preaches patience to him, while<sup>6</sup>  
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:<sup>7</sup>  
 And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADR. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are  
 here;

And that is false, thou dost report to us.

SERV. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
 I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.  
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
 To scorch your face,<sup>8</sup> and to disfigure you:

[Cry within.

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

DUKE. Come, stand be me, fear nothing: Guard  
 with halberds.

<sup>6</sup> *My master preaches patience to him, while—*] The old copy redundantly reads—*and the while*. I have followed Sir T. Hanmer, by omitting the unnecessary syllables. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—"Like crop the conjurer;" which might have been ironically applied to these unfortunate beings.

STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of king Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a fool.

TOLLET.

Fools undoubtedly were shaved and *nick'd* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is ascertained by the following passage in *The Choice of Change, containing the triplicities of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head, like fooles."

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. "*Zuccone*. A shaven pate, a *notted* poule; a *poule-pate*; a gull, a *ninnie*."

MALONE.

The hair of idiots is still cut close to their heads, to prevent the consequences of uncleanness. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *To scorch your face,*] We should read *scotch*, i. e. hack, cut.

WARBURTON.



ADR. Ah me; it is my husband! Witness you,  
That he is borne about invilible:  
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

ANT. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant  
me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

ÆGE. Unless the fear of death doth make me  
dote,

I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

ANT. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman  
there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury!  
Beyond imagination is the wrong,  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

DUKE. Discover how, and thou shalt find me  
just.

ANT. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors  
upon me,

While she with harlots<sup>8</sup> feasted in my house.

To *scorch*, I believe, is right. He would have punished her as  
he had punished the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *with harlots* — ] Antipholus did not suspect his wife of  
having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with  
cheats to impose on him and abuse him. Therefore, he says to her  
Act IV. sc. iv:



DUKE. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

ADR. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,

To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,  
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

LUC. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

ANG. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

ANT. E. My liege, I am advis'd<sup>9</sup> what I say;  
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,

"——are these your customers?"

"Did this companion with the saffron face

"Revel and feast it at my house to day?"

By this description he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbaccio says to Volpone:

"——Out harlot!"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——for the harlot king

"Is quite beyond mine arm.——"

Again, in the ancient mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512. *Herod* says to *Watkin*:

"Nay, harlott, abyde stille with my knyghts I warne the."—

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 5 vols. 8vo. 1775, observes, that in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 6068, *King of Harlots* is Chaucer's translation of *Roy des ribaux*. Chaucer uses the word more than once:

"A sturdy harlot went hem ay behind,

"That was hir hostis man," &c. *Sompnours Tale*, v. 7336.

Again, in the *Dyer's Play*, among the Chester Collection in the Museum, Antichrist says to the male characters on the stage:

"Out on ye harlots, whence come ye?" STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——*I am advis'd*—] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflexion and consideration. STEEVENS.



Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :  
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with  
     her,  
 Could witness it, for he was with me then ;  
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
 Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,  
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
 I went to seek him : in the street I met him ;  
 And in his company, that gentleman.  
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,  
 That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
 Which, God he knows, I saw not : for the which,  
 He did arrest me with an officer.  
 I did obey ; and sent my peasant home  
 For certain ducats : he with none return'd.  
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
 To go in person with me to my house.  
 By the way we met  
 My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
 Of vile confederates ; along with them  
 They brought one Pinch ; a hungry lean-faced vil-  
     lain,  
 A meer anatomy, a mountebank,  
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;  
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
 A living dead man : <sup>2</sup> this pernicious slave,  
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;  
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
 And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,  
 Cries out, I was possess'd : then altogether

<sup>2</sup> *A living dead man :*] This thought appears to have been borrowed from *Sackvil's Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates :*

“ ———but as a lying death,

“ *So ded aliue of life hee drew the breath.*” STEEVENS.



They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together;  
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace: whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep flames and great indignities.

ANG. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with  
him;

That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

DUKE. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

ANG. He had, my lord: and when he ran in  
here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

MER. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of  
mine

Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,  
After you first forswore it on the mart,  
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;  
And then you fled into this abbey here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

ANT. E. I never came within these abbey walls,  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!  
And this is false, you burden me withal.

DUKE. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!  
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.  
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—  
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

DRO. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Por-  
cupine.



COUR. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

ANT. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

DUKE. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

COUR. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

DUKE. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbefs hither;

I think, you are all mated,<sup>3</sup> or flark mad.

[Exit an Attendant.

ÆGE. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me fpeak a word;

Haply, I fee a friend will fave my life,  
And pay the fum that may deliver me.

DUKE. Speak freely, Syracufan, what thou wilt.

ÆGE. Is not your name, fir, call'd Antipholus?  
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

DRO. E. Within this hour I was his bondman,  
fir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;  
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

ÆGE. I am fure, you both of you remember me.

DRO. E. Ourfelves we do remember, fir, by  
you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, fir?

ÆGE. Why look you ftrange on me? you know  
me well.

ANT. E. I never faw you in my life, till now.

ÆGE. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, fince you faw  
me laft;

<sup>3</sup> —mated,] See p. 259, n. 6. MALONE.



And careful hours, with Time's deformed <sup>4</sup> hand  
Have written strange defeatures <sup>5</sup> in my face:  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

ANT. E. Neither.

ÆGE. Dromio, nor thou?

DRO. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

ÆGE. I am sure, thou dost.

DRO. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and  
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to be-  
lieve him. <sup>6</sup>

ÆGE. Not know my voice! O, time's extre-  
mity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,  
In seven short years, that here my only son

<sup>4</sup> ——*deformed*——] For *deforming*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——*strange defeatures*——] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*.  
The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.  
*Defeatures* are *undoings*, *miscarriages*, *misfortunes*; from *défaire*, Fr.  
So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

“The day before the night of my *defeature*, (i. e. undoing.)

“He greets me with a casket richly wrought.”

The sense is, I am *deformed*, *undone*, by misery. Misfortune has  
left its impression on my face. STEEVENS.

*Defeature* is, I think, *alteration of feature*, *marks of deformity*,  
So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“——to cross the curious workmanship of nature,

“To mingle beauty with infirmities,

“And pure perfection with impure *defeature*.” MALONE.

*Defeatures* are certainly neither more nor less than *features*; as  
*demerits* are neither more nor less than *merits*. Time, says Ægeon,  
hath placed *new and strange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite  
a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou dost not know  
me. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——*you are now*, bound to believe him.] Dromio is still quib-  
bling on his favourite topick. See p. 308. MALONE.



Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?<sup>7</sup>  
 Though now this grained face<sup>8</sup> of mine be hid  
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up;  
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
 My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
 All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)<sup>9</sup>  
 Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

ANT. E. I never saw my father in my life.

ÆGE. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
 Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,  
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

ANT. E. The duke, and all that know me in the  
 city,  
 Can witness with me that it is not so;  
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

DUKE. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
 Have I been patron to Antipholus,

<sup>7</sup> ———my feeble key of untun'd cares?] i. e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice that is changed by grief. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> ———this grained face—] i. e. furrow'd, like the grain of wood. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“——my grained ash.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> All these old witnesses (I cannot err,) ] I believe should be read:  
 All these hold witnesses I cannot err.

i. e. all these continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the most poetical. The words *I cannot err*, should be thrown into a parenthesis. By *old witnesses* I believe he means *experienced, accusom'd ones*, which are therefore less likely to err. So, in *The Tempest*:

“If these be true spies that I wear in my head,” &c.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, sc. ult:

“But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

“Grave witnesses of true experience,” &c. STEEVENS.



During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa :  
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan  
and DROMIO Syracusan.*

ABB. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much  
wrong'd. *[All gather to see him.]*

ADR. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

DUKE. One of these men is Genius to the other;  
And so of these: Which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

DRO. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

DRO. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

ANT. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

DRO. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him  
here?

ABB. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty:—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:

O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

ÆGE. If I dream not,<sup>2</sup> thou art Æmilia;

<sup>2</sup> *If I dream not,*] In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the Abbess, follow the speech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here" &c. The transposition was suggested by Mr. Steevens. It scarcely requires any justification. Ægeon's answer to Æmilia's adjuration would necessarily immediately succeed to it. Besides, as Mr. Steevens has observed, as these speeches stand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words, before she has uttered them: The slight change now made renders the whole clear. MALONE.



If thou art she, tell me, where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

ABB. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;  
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:  
What then became of them, I cannot tell;  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

DUKE. Why, here begins his morning story  
right:<sup>3</sup>

These two Antipholus's, these two so like,  
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,<sup>4</sup>—  
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,<sup>5</sup>—  
These are the parents to these children,  
Which accidentally are met together.  
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

ANT. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

That however will scarcely remove the difficulty: the *next* speech is Ægeon's. Both it and the following one should precede the duke's; or there is possibly a line lost. RITSON.

If this be the right reading, it is, as Steevens justly remarks, one of Shakspeare's oversights, as the Abbess had not hinted at her shipwreck. But possibly we should read—

Besides *his* urging of her wreck at sea. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *Why, here begins his morning story right:]* "The morning story" is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>4</sup> *—semblance,]* *Semblance* (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed) is here a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *—of her wreck at sea,]* I suspect that a line following this has been lost; the import of which was, that *These circumstances all concurred to prove*—that These were the parents, &c. The line which I suppose to have been lost, and the following one, beginning perhaps with the same word, the omission might have been occasioned by the compositor's eye glancing from one to the other.

MALONE.



DUKE. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

ANT. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

DRO. E. And I with him.

ANT. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

ADR. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

ANT. S. I, gentle mistress.

ADR. And are not you my husband?

ANT. E. No, I say nay to that.

ANT. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;  
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,  
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;  
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

ANG. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

ANT. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

ANT. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

ANG. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

ADR. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

DRO. E. No, none by me;

ANT. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me:  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I as ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

ANT. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

DUKE. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

COUR. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.



ANT. E. There, take it; and much thanks  
for my good cheer.

ABB. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the  
pains

To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,  
And we shall make full satisfaction —  
Twenty-five years<sup>7</sup> have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,<sup>8</sup>  
My heavy burdens are delivered:—  
The duke, my husband, and my children both,  
And you the calendars of their nativity,

<sup>7</sup> *Twenty-five years—*] In former editions:  
*Thirty-three years.*

'Tis impossible the poet should be so forgetful, as to design this number here; and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and perhaps, blindly; and thence the mistake might arise. Ægeon, in the first scene of the first act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother:

*My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother, &c.*

And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where Ægeon, mistakenly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as precisely learn from another passage in the fifth act:

*Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse bay,  
Thou know'st we parted;*

so that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> — nor, till this present hour,] The old copy reads—and till—. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Burden*, in the next line, was corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.



Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ;<sup>9</sup>  
 After so long grief, such nativity !<sup>2</sup>

DÜKE. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON: Courtezan,  
 Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.

DRO. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from  
 shipboard ?

ANT. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou  
 embark'd ?

DRO. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the  
 Centaur.

ANT. S. He speaks to me : I am your master,  
 Dromio :

Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :  
 Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. and E. ADR. and LUC.

<sup>9</sup> ——— and go with me ;] We should read :

————— and gaude with me ;

i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*. WARBURTON.

The sense is clear enough without the alteration. The Revival  
 offers to read, more plausibly, I think :

————— joy with me.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may, however, be countenanced by  
 the following passage in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540 :— " I have  
 good cause to set the cocke on the hope, and make *gaudy* chere."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. xi :

" Let's have one other *gaudy* night.

In the novel of M. Alberto of Bologna, the author adviseth  
 gentlewomen " to beware how they contrive their holyday talke,  
 by waste wordes issuing forth their delicate mouths in carping,  
*gauding*, and jesting at young gentlemen, and speciallye old men,"  
 &c. *Palace of Pleasure*, 1582. Vol. I. fol. 60. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *After so long grief, such nativity !*] We should surely read :

*After so long grief, such festivity.*

*Nativity* lying so near, and the termination being the same of  
 both words, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has just said, that to her,  
 her sons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.



DRO. S. There is a fat friend at your master's  
house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

DRO. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not  
my brother:  
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.  
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

DRO. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

DRO. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

DRO. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till  
then, lead thou first.

DRO. E. Nay, then thus:  
We came into the world, like brother and brother;  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before  
another. *Exeunt.*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> On a careful revision of the foregoing scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the composition of two very unequal writers. Shakspeare had undoubtedly a share in them; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedick says) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake."

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

The long doggerel verses that Shakspeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to some of their inferior characters; and this circumstance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the same kind of versification is likewise found,) among our author's earliest productions; composed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the



common track." As these early pieces are now not easily met with, I shall subjoin a few extracts from some of them:

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

1568.

- " *Royft.* If your name to me you will declare and shewe,  
 " You may in this matter my minde the sooner knowe.  
 " *Tof.* Few wordes are best among freends, this is true,  
 " Wherefore I shall briefly show my name unto you.  
 " Tom Tosspot it is, it need not to be painted,  
 " Wherefore I with Raife Roister must needs be acquainted," &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.\*

[ About 1570. ]

- " *Shift.* By gogs bloud, my maisters, wee were not best longer  
 here to staie,  
 " I thinke was never suche a craftie knave before this daie.  
 [ *Exeunt Ambo.*  
 " *Cond.* Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, ha, wel fare old Shift at a  
 neede :  
 " By his woundes had I not devised this, I had hanged indeede.  
 " Tinkers, (qd you) tinke me no tinks; Ile meddle with them no  
 more ;  
 " I thinke was never knave so used by a companie of tinkers before.  
 " By your leave Ile bee so bolde as too looke about me and spie,  
 " Least any knaves for my commyng doune in ambush doe lie.  
 " By your licence I minde not to preache longer in this tree,  
 " My tinkerly slaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie see." &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

1578.

- " The wind is yl blows no man's gaine; for cold I neede not  
 care,  
 " Here is nine and twentie futes of apparel for my share ;  
 " And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the case,  
 " As neither gentleman nor other, Lord Promos sheweth any grace;  
 " But I marvel much, poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone,  
 " They were wont to staye a day or two, now scarce an after-  
 noone." &c.

\* This dramattick piece, in its entire state, has not been met with.  
 The only fragment of it known to be existing, is in my possession.

STEEVENS.



## THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1584.

- " You think I am going to market to buy rost meate, do ye not?  
 " I thought so, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:  
 " I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or  
 beefe,  
 " But I am going to a bloodfucker, and who is it? faith Usurie,  
 that theefe."

## THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

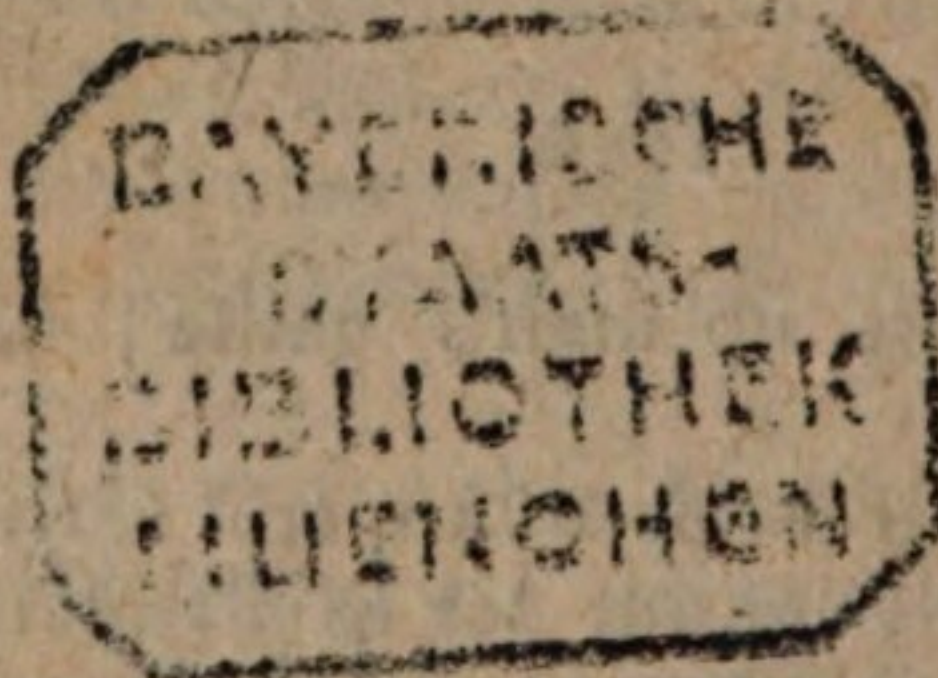
1594.

- " Quoth Niceness to Newfangle, thou art such a Jacke,  
 " That thou devisest fortie fashions for my ladie's backe.  
 " And thou, quoth he, art so posselst with everie frantick toy,  
 " That following of my ladie's humour thou dost make her coy.  
 " For once a day for fashion-sake my lady must be sicke,  
 " No meat but mutton, or at most the pinion of a chicke:  
 " To-day her owne haire best becomes, which yellow is as gold,  
 " A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold:  
 " To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk she will be bold,  
 " To-morrow cuffes and countenance, for feare of catching cold:  
 " Now is she barefeste to be seene, straight on her muffler goes;  
 " Now is she hufft up to the crowne, straight nussed to the nose."

See also *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Damon and Pythias*, &c.

MALONE.

THE END OF THE TENTH VOLUME.





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